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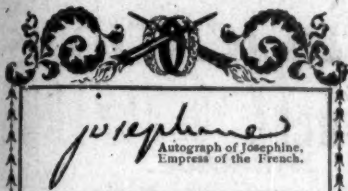
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# The Critic

(ESTABLISHED IN 1881)

Published every Week, at 287 Fourth Avenue, New York

SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1895

## Literature

### "The Liberation of Italy"

1815-1870. By Countess E. Martinengo Cesaresco. With portraits. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE LAST THIRTY YEARS have been preëminently years of consolidation. Before 1860, many loose political confederations existed, held together only by ties of expediency or tradition or voluntary association. But the year 1860 was to the nineteenth century what 1776 and 1789 had been to the eighteenth: it saw a violent disruption of existing institutions, a new spirit full of the wine of revolution, a new crystallization of the disrupted elements, a new *resurgam* of principles announced ages before, but never before allowed to play their Titanic force to the full. Three consolidations of world-wide proportions have been accomplished since 1860; and here, as a hundred years ago, America took the lead, for the first of them occurred in the United States between 1861 and 1865, and was sealed by the blood of the War of Secession. A loose agglomeration of so-called "States" was wrought into a wondrous and harmonious fabric of commonwealths, controlled by a strong central power, and a true "Union" is the result. The second great consolidation was accomplished in Germany, in 1870-75. There, too, 22 or 25 petty kingdoms and principalities were cemented into a harmonious whole under the stress of circumstances, the very necessity to exist—an empire, powerful as that of the Cæsars, Charlemagnes or Hohenstaufens, growing up as if by magic. Almost contemporaneously, in 1870-71, the dream of Dante was fulfilled: a United Italy sprang out of the ruins of a dozen disunited ones, and a Latin race, once the most forceful on the globe, entered the contest of nationalities again, with Rome once more its capital. This consolidation really took 55 years to work itself out after the din of 1815 had subsided. One of Napoleon's notes, written at St. Helena, had said:—"Italy, isolated between her natural limits, is destined to form a great and powerful nation. Italy is one nation; unity of customs, language and literature must, within a period more or less distant, unite her inhabitants under one sole government. And Rome will, without the slightest doubt, be chosen by the Italians as their capital." In this Napoleon was, as usual, only about fifty years ahead of his time. A third famous Italian—Machiavelli, in his much-abhorred "*Principe*"—had exultantly predicted the restoration of Italy to her unified self.

Mme. Cesaresco's book reveals the steps by which this unification took place with admirable precision, sufficient detail and thorough first-hand acquaintance with many of the actors in the magnificent tragedy. The four portraits she has chosen to adorn her pages—those of Garibaldi, Mazzini, Victor Emmanuel and Cavour—efficiently accentuate each act of the drama. What lover of *cose Italiane* does not immediately attach to the names of these four men a long roll of glorious deeds and memories? As the author justly observes, "the supreme interest of the recasting of Italy arises from the new spectacle of a nation made one, not by conquest, but by consent. . . . Sentiment is what makes the real historical miracles." This is strictly true. But for the passionate longing of the Italians to be "Italy," no Italy—save geographically—could have arisen; and the same is true of Germany and our Union. In the mighty process of Italian unification, the work of the secret society of the Carbonari (so often mentioned in Byron's correspondence) at Naples and elsewhere was extremely striking. The political trials, murders and imprisonments in Venice and Lombardy under the Austrian tyranny, with the sudden upgrowth

of "Young Italy" after the accession of Charles Albert, and the appearance of Mazzini, hastened the crisis toward which affairs in the peninsula were drifting. Then came the era of the "Pope Liberator," when Pius IX. astounded Europe with his promises; the downfall of thrones in 1848, the advent of Garibaldi, the rise of the mountain-house of Savoy, with its Alpine vigor and ruggedness, the Crimean War and the War for Lombardy with Francis II. Cavour now looms up and wrestles with Napoleon III., finally winning the unity of Italy at the expense of Savoy and Nice. Garibaldi's and Victor Emmanuel's heroic entry into Naples was followed by the proclamation of the Italian Kingdom and, alas! by the death of Cavour. "Rome or death!" was next the cry, and beautiful Florence was soon deserted as a capital for the Eternal City, where a temporally dethroned Pope was self-incarcerated in the Vatican. The Prussian alliance brought about the acquisition of Venice, France abandoned Rome, and, ultimately, Sedan intervened to shut out forever the intermeddling of that power in Italian affairs. All these events and episodes are vividly transcribed by Mme. Cesaresco, and each is traced to its predecessor in a concatenation of cause and effect which makes the volume the best popular history of Italian unity that has yet appeared. Mazzini, Garibaldi, Cavour, Victor Emmanuel—"Christian Sovereign, honest Man," as Pius IX. called him—are dead, but their noble work lives to give them continual praise. May the sad throes through which the "Niobe of Nations" is now passing soon be followed by noble self-improvement and the abandonment of merely political ambitions.

### "A House of Gentlefolk"

A Novel. By Ivan Turgenev. Translated from the Russian by Constance Garnett. Macmillan & Co.

"WHERE LOVE IS, there is God," a celebrated saying of Tolstoi's, cannot strictly be affirmed as the motto of this story, the second volume in the new English translation of Tourguéneff's novels. There is love, indeed, plenty of it, wild, passionate and pure, but it leads not to God or to heaven, but rather to that new place of torment invented by the revisers, Sheol. In "*Rudin*" a graphic portrait was painted by Turgenev (as Miss Garnett prints his name) of the windy, over-cultured, theoretical, muddle-headed Russian, the speculative lobe of whose brain had been swollen by contact with anarchic fires like the liver of a goose in preparation for its conversion into *pâté de foie-gras*. Rudin was the typical Russian ranter, full of eloquence, full of reading and travel and beautiful rhetoric as any Gorgias of Plato or any *bel esprit* of ancient Athens or Versailles; his talk is delightful and is as musical as all the winds let loose from the Temple of Æolus; but it is mere talk, mere *aura*, which so easily converts itself into *oration*. Rudin is a personified interrogation-point, an incarnated? standing at the cross-roads and fixing every traveller with fierce inquiry. There is no Love in the man: that god is not in his pantheon. His numerous opportunities are thrown away, and yet he is far from exemplifying Voltaire's maxim that the finest dramas are those in which there is no love.

But in "*A House of Gentlefolk*," Love is all in all, mistaken, suffering, yet of the sort that knows no oblivion. Several admirable characters counterfoil each other in the book, and are wrought out with a distinctness far superior to that revealed in "*Rudin*," who is the only character one clearly remembers in the prior volume. Lavretsky is as typical a Slav as Rudin, but he is as distinct from him as a slow, halting, sluggish yet burning Hephestus is from a winged

Mercury, just descended from a temple-top with a message from on high. Intensely interesting is the unfolding of this poor, wretched, neglected, ill-educated boy of half-peasant blood into a strong, impassioned, noble and philanthropic man, who does the deeds of Faust in the second part of Goethe's great tragedy without having touched the innumerable chords of sin in its first part. Lisa is his female counterpart, a lovely example of the passive, silent yet high-strung Russian gentlewoman, brought up in a country-town to love, to study and to pray, just as Varvára, her and his evil genius, is a capitally delineated type of the "fast," gallicized Russian adventuress, whose moral nature is a perfect Sahara where nothing but thirst and voluptuousness burn and glitter, ultimately drying up all springs of refreshment and love in her husband, Lavretsky. Panshin and Marfa vary this trio with their highly individualized character-play and bring before us a "house of dragons" where all the fountains of human activity—passion, jealousy, intrigue, music, art—play like the *Grandes Eaux* at Versailles and toss up rainbows or lurid lights on their dancing sprays. Miss Garnett's translation is excellent.

#### Mazzini in English

*Essays. By Joseph Mazzini. Most of them Translated for the First Time, by Thomas Okey. Edited, with an Introduction, by Bolton King. Macmillan & Co.*

CARLYLE SAID that when he first met Mazzini he thought him the "most beautiful creature in the world, but entirely impractical." Mrs. Carlyle added that he "twaddled." In point of fact, Mazzini was a poet-statesman; he had the fire and the clairvoyance, not of an Amos, but of a Deborah and a Miriam. He gained his economic wisdom by intuition. These essays of his are exceedingly interesting to those in an early stage of socialistic culture. They are utterances of a noble heart, not always of a cool judgment and a keen intellect. One notices the *Ewig Weibliche* in the essay entitled "Faith and the Future," in which he scolds, and then rhapsodizes. At the same time, he has inspirations of political sagacity that are inexplicable as the fruit of his own calm thought. Mazzini may be to the reader an inspiration to social righteousness, or he may be to him rank political poison. No modern social reformer has done more evil and so much good at the same time. His essay on the French Revolution is a strikingly bold and philosophical generalisation of history. Again and again the reader will be startled to find how Mazzini anticipated the program of the Christian socialists of the present day. While repudiating every ecclesiastical form, he clung to Christianity as he understood it; and his understanding was that Jesus was primarily a social reformer, a political savior.

Mazzini was never weary of charging the European peoples to remember that republicanism was a religion, and that it could not succeed unless it drew its strength from God. Yet, strong as was Mazzini's mental grasp of the religious soul of the social movement, it seems strange that he should have interpreted Christianity as individualistic, since Jesus, in saying "He that saveth his life shall lose it," furnished the fundamental condition of what is higher and deeper than altruism, and closer than collectivism. He gave the fundamental condition of what has been termed the "sociocracy," not of Spencer, but of God. Perhaps it will be generally agreed that Mazzini was more forcible in his pathos than in his denunciations. His letter on "The Question of the Exiles" is a strong and profound word, that reached every heart in the day of its first appearance. In no instance was Mazzini's insight deeper and clearer. His inspiration takes possession of the reader, he shows the fervor without the wildness and theatrical eccentricity of Lamennais, yet he trusted with the latter, that in the end Christianity would be the "Church of Humanity." Perhaps that was the purpose of Jesus, but, if it involved the elimination of the element of the supernatural, it certainly was not. Mazzini is not unambiguous about his

opinion of this: he was not a rigid logician. The essays are interesting, and at the present juncture will attract many readers. They are adequately, that is, intelligently and sympathetically, translated; and the form in which they are published is very attractive.

#### "The Story of South Africa"

*By George M. Theal. (The Story of the Nations.) G. P. Putnam's Sons.*

AT FIRST SIGHT it seems stretching greatly the scope of this series to include within it so many states and territories belonging to what is at best only "a geographical expression." Within the lids of this volume, however, Mr. Theal of the Cape Colonial Civil Service has included the Cape Colony, Natal, the Orange Free State, the South African Republic and all other territories south of the Zambesi. To portray the development of such a conglomeration of nationalities and political structures requires not a little skill as well as knowledge, yet, in our estimation, Mr. Theal has succeeded remarkably well. Whether he be Dutchman, Englishman, or Frenchman, we know not; but it is evident that in his writing neither Dutch nor English are favored or contemned: both peoples and states are presented without apparent partiality. On the map which shows that part of Africa south of the Zambesi there are—besides the vast mushroom German protectorate, the British territories of various sorts and the Portuguese land—the more or less settled regions, with stable political government, on which the abundant Dutch names show how early and thoroughly the Dutch farmers replenished and subdued this end of Africa. In his opening chapter on the aborigines, the author shows himself a master in ethnology, describing clearly the remarkable differences between the brown and black skins, and the ancient inhabitants of Asiatic, African, or mixed blood. He appraises carefully the differences in missionary results, showing that, while there is not a single instance of a Bushman of pure blood having permanently adopted European habits, the Hottentots have done so to a considerable extent. The story of Portuguese discovery, the occupation of Table Valley by the Dutch East India Company, the foundation of the Cape Colony and the beginning of the wars with the blacks, is told with a wealth of incident and with pathos as well as power. Then comes the era of exploration and the attempt of the people who came from the lands of soap and water to persuade the naked natives to believe that dirt is sin. Evidently the idea of the application of water for the purpose of physical cleanliness was a strange one in aboriginal South Africa. The author shows what an awful task it was to maintain the Dutch habits of tidiness among a people whose kraals almost *crawl* with cockroaches. He declares that Mrs. Stowe's picture of Aunt Dinah's kitchen would be just as faithful were its scene laid in South Africa, where, chimneys being unknown, smoke forms a part of daily breath, where floors are mud, and where ablutions are looked upon as penance.

The faults of the Dutch colonists were those of "country people all the world over." They were inclined to bigotry in religious matters, were very plain in their language, and loved to impose marvellous tales upon credulous listeners. To them Englishmen were arrogant above all other mortals, insatiable in the pursuit of money, regardless of all other human beings' rights, and having eyes jaundiced by national prejudice. To them "British interests" meant religion. Nevertheless, so little difference is there between English and Netherlandish people, that matrimonial connections have been extremely numerous and education easily rectifies the faults of colonial character. The story of English rule is one which reveals the usual faults and merits of English supremacy all over the world. Thus far the Dutch republicans have held their own largely against English advance by going further out into the plains and forests, to the north and east, in which new states have been founded. Noble is the story of the Dutch wars for freedom, in many aspects as noble as is



our own American struggle for independence. The more recent events, political, military, industrial, of the different colonies and states—Cape Colony, Natal, the Orange Free State and the South African Republic—are described in a compact and thoroughly readable style. A glance is given, in conclusion, at the attempts of other nations to civilize Africa, and at the work of the missionaries. Though without much poetry or brilliant imagination in his composition, Mr. Theal must be congratulated on having been able to compress into one volume so clear and valuable a picture of South Africa. To him the future of this part of the earth "will have little of mediocrity in it." It will be a story of brilliant success or disastrous failure. If, however, South Africa is to have a really brilliant future, there must be a steady stream of both Dutch and English immigrants of the class that wins by industry, perseverance and prudence. The vastness of the territory northward, and the colossal work yet to be done, are too great for the present resources of Germanic humanity now below the twenty-eighth degree of southern latitude. There is a chronological table and also an index.

#### "Pictures of Swedish Life"

By Mrs. Woods Baker. Illustrated. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.

SWEDEN HAS ALWAYS had a great attraction for travellers ever since Descartes went there to teach Queen Christina, and Linnæus made its beautiful flora celebrated. Its twenty-four provinces and innumerable islands are all so individualized that the land is relieved of monotony and shows a variety and picturesqueness, from Finland to Lund on the Southern Baltic, almost as great as that of its sister-peninsula, Italy. Like Italy, snowy Alps bound it on the north, and on the south and east a great warm sea runs around its "boot-tip" and in and out of its fjords, making what the rather imaginative Swedes call their "Sunny South." In its interior (unlike Apennine-ribbed Italy), vast lakes spread their quilts of silver, and sinuous canals connect these lakes, and dancing rivers (called *elvs* in Swedish—elfishly lovely) turn into these canals, making a huge interior network of waterways from Stockholm to Gothenburg, invaluable both for war and for commerce. The writer once traversed this great engineering work of the engineer Platen—the Götha Canal—and passed three days in the transit on a steam canal-boat, skirting remarkable lakes, touching at countless red-topped Swedish towns, passing churches without name or number under the supervision of the twelve Lutheran bishops of Sweden, and finally, alternately lifted on high and dropped down into apparently fathomless depths by means of the numerous locks, reached the exquisite scenery, cascades and falls of the Götha River, poetically called by the Swedes Troll-hätta ("Magic Hat.") Then the drop down to Gothenburg was a drop into Dreamland. Such remembrances are vividly called into being again by Mrs. Baker's beautifully illustrated volume. She is a sentimentalist of the first magnitude and wears her rose-colored spectacles wherever she goes; still, she sees deeply, from long-extended residence, into Swedish life, customs and history. Familiar with every aspect of court, domestic, city and country experience in Sweden, familiar, also, with the language, and excessively benevolent in all her judgments, she places her reader genially *en rapport* with her theme, and in a manner as far removed as possible from the point of view taken by Montesquieu in his "Lettres Persanes" or Le Sage in his "Diable Boiteux." Even the gentle Goldsmith could be intensely satirical in his "Citizen of the World," and the brilliant Gautier was often blinded by irony in his blue-and-gold "Travels."

But Mrs. Baker is unremittingly good-humored: she sees only what is good and pleasant in Sweden (except the national vice of excessive drink), she likes the people, admires the Bernadottes, loves even the nine-months' Scandinavian winter, and has a good word to say for Swedish schools and almshouses. She is, indeed, frightfully prone to what some peo-

ple would call "twaddle" in the way she perpetually personifies Sweden—"Svea and her Children," etc.,—but so much good sense and real knowledge are combined with these rhetorical vagaries, that even the grammarian may forgive her and set her down as an intelligent traveller. She gives us actual and graphic pictures of Scandinavia under such headings as "Homes," "Royal Reformers," "What Svea Does for her Children" (three chapters of educational, domestic and politico-economical information), and "Svea's Children of the Present" (eight sections, delightfully illustrated, on the waterways, the city of Stockholm, the King and Queen, the charities of the latter, Swedish poets and poetry, and the *Riksdag*, whose members are jocularly called "the Uncles"). Amusing pages on the stiff ceremonial of Swedish life, Christmas-tide, the church and theatre, excursions in and about the capital, the "help-madames"—servants (!) called in for occasional jobs,—the semi-annual family wash, the national habit of calling any lady you particularly like *tante*—aunt (like "cousin" in Virginia or *tia* and *tio* in Sicily), follow each other in quick succession and rivet the reader's attention to the end. The essentially plebeian royalties of Sweden are so considered that nobody's feelings could be hurt, while their high artistic and literary gifts are warmly praised. The Bernadottes have now reigned for 80 years in Sweden with increasing popularity, yet they descend on the mother's side from a plain French merchant. Later on they intermarried with the descendants of Eugene Beaucharnais (Joséphine's son) and a Bavarian princess, and through these have become in recent times allied to the reigning families of Portugal, Brazil, Italy and Germany. The family are extremely democratic and very approachable, the present King, Oskar II., possessing a most likable character. He is the brother of the preceding king, and it is one of his sons who lately renounced the possibility of a throne to marry a beautiful Swedish girl, Miss Munck. He is known as Prince Bernadotte and is the superintendent of a flourishing Sunday-school! Thus Mrs. Baker gossips cheerfully along, mingling with her gayer pictures an occasional table of statistics to show that the industrial side of her subject is not neglected. The account of student-life at Upsala is extremely interesting. Her book, as a whole, confirms one's impression that the joyous-natured Swede is as different from the sombre Norwegian or the Frenchy Dane as the Greek is from the Castilian.

#### Poetry and Verse

THE "SONNETS AND LYRICS" of Katrina Trask reveal at their best a rare union of noble spirit with lovely form. A spiritual passion, akin to that of the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," makes itself heard in these warm-blooded, womanly poems. The uplifting, transfiguring power of true love has been sung by Mrs. Trask in sonnets of much beauty and sweetness, some of which tempt quotation. But the high level of her sonnets has not been maintained in the rest of her work. The restraint imposed by the use of the sonnet form is a wholesome one for a writer of Mrs. Trask's temperament. Something of dignity and charm has been lost in the other lyrics. We must except the poems "To Ben Jonson," "Calm is the Peaceful Night" and one or two more, which are not marred by girlish dithyrambs. Mrs. Trask, we judge, does not believe that poetry is "emotion recollected in tranquillity"; she loves to express her feelings at their whitest heat. (A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)—"THE END OF ELFIN TOWN," by Jane Barlow, is a most quaint and charming story, which tells how Oberon, under the influence of a spell cast on him by the Bad Brown Witch, caused all the elvish folk to build a city and a palace, and was planning fresh labors for his hapless liegemen, when by the aid of the Good Gray Witch he was fortunately restored to sanity. But a prophetic vision had come to him—perhaps, the poet hints, a glimpse of the populous towns and grimy skies of our own day—which warned him to quit his earthly haunts with all his fairy crew. Accordingly, after demolishing Elfin Town, the fairies "mount sky-high," never to return. The story is quaintly and prettily told, although the hyphenated compounds of which Miss Barlow is so fond are apt to mar the smoothness of the verse. The pictures by Laurence Housman, have more of

grotesqueness than beauty. It is bad enough to dress fairies like ballet-dancers, but to turn them into mediæval ascetics is far worse. (Macmillan & Co.)

MANY OF THE RHYMING riddles in "A Century of Charades," by William Bellamy, are exceedingly witty and ingenious, and they have occasional touches of real poetry. Here and there we have found one that is decidedly far-fetched, a mere bad pun put into verse. But most of them do credit to Mr. Bellamy's taste and skill. There is a key by which any guess may be confirmed or rejected, though it does not give the answer at a glance. Much amusement may be extracted from this little book. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)—"LOVE-SONGS OF CHILDHOOD" is another volume from the prolific pen of the Babies' Poet-Laureate, Mr. Eugene Field. Mr. Field is so popular a writer, and the character of his work is so well-known that any critical analysis of these charming verses would be superfluous. Mr. Field expresses the child's own thoughts and feelings in racy, playful rhymes. When he speaks in his own person, his fatherly amiability displays itself to perfection. "Little Miss Brag," which tells of a poor child whose boastful contentment makes "the rich little lady over the way" almost envious, is in Mr. Field's happiest vein. It is no wonder that he is so great a favorite with the little ones. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)—"WILD-FLOWER SONNETS," by Miss Emily Shaw Forman, is a series of short poems—four sonnets and twenty-one "fourteeners"—all but two of which are descriptive of some floral denizen of American woods or fields. Miss Forman shows a warm appreciation of the delicate beauty of her favorites, and her verse has borrowed much of their sweetness and airy charm. An apt comparison or fortunate epithet rarely fails her; the pimpernel, the sabbatia, the closed gentian and the cardinal flower, in particular, are delightfully portrayed. The moral with which her sonnets now and then conclude does not always appear organic or spontaneous; but to deprive the she-poet of her moral is like robbing the bear of her cubs. Miss Forman seems to have chosen Miss E. M. Thomas as her model, and the teacher has no cause to be ashamed of her pupil. The book is prettily illustrated by Abbott Graves. (Boston: Joseph Knight Co.)

MR. JOHN PATTERSON'S translation of the "Medea" of Euripides is apparently not intended as a burlesque. Yet how can one help laughing at lines like these?

I do more  
Than dread your misfortune; for fearful exists  
The arrogance royalty taketh. Controlled  
In little, in much absolute, so they set  
Aside their resentment with stubbornness. Life  
Of humbler lot's better a destiny. Be  
It mine to grow old grandeurless but secure.

Here is the closing chorus:—

Dispenser of manifold ends in Olympus  
Is Zeus, and results manifold Heaven brings  
Averse to desire. The expected unhappened,  
The god hath evolved these astonishing things;  
Thus commanded our lyre.

Poor Euripides! between Aristophanes and Patterson he has been evil entreated. (Louisville: John P. Morton & Co.)

"THE FAERIE QUEENE," illustrated by Walter Crane, strikes us at once as an example of the right work finding the right man. Mr. George Allen of the Ruskin House, the printer, is presumably the one who brought them together, and should be congratulated on the result. The work is published in parts, containing from 80 to 100 pages each, three of which are now before us. The designs consist of a full-page drawing and a head-piece and tail-piece to each canto. As a rule, the smaller drawings are the best. They are frankly decorative, rather than illustrative, and few know as well as Mr. Crane how to arrange a page so that type and picture shall support one another. The archaic feeling of the poem has suggested the use of Gothic borders and floriated capitals, which are arranged so as to compose, with the canto-headings and head-pieces, a well-proportioned decoration for the page. The tail-pieces and vignettes vary in size and treatment according to the space at the artist's disposal; but several, like that at the end of Canto IV., are as effective as the head-pieces. Many of the borders to the full-page drawings, also, are beautifully designed. "Una and her Lion," the "House of Pride," the "Faithful Knight" putting on his greaves, a border of ivy with Satyrs and Bacchantes, the group of the Christian graces in the House of Holiness, and the Betrothal of Una and the Red Cross

Knight, are among the most successful designs in these three parts, which bring to a close the first book of the poem. The edition is limited to 1000 copies, plus 27 on Japanese vellum, 25 of the latter being for sale. The editor is Mr. Thomas J. Wise. (Macmillan & Co.)

#### Fiction

"OUTLAW AND LAWMAKER," by Mrs. Campbell-Praed, is a story of life in Australia. An English girl with a romantic turn of mind is making a visit to her sister, who is married and living in the bush. The country all around them is entirely absorbed in the stories that are repeated right and left of the doings of a celebrated bushman known as "Moonlight," because his identity has never been established and he comes and goes in as elusive a manner as if he were a moonbeam. The girl has two lovers, equally devoted to her, but very different in themselves. One is a practical, plodding, safe fellow, who stands no show of winning because there is no chance of his ever appealing to the imagination of his sweetheart; the other is a dashing, devil-may-care character, who stands a chance on his merits, and because he will never take no for an answer. The girl talks constantly of "Moonlight," who interests her beyond measure, and the secrets of the book are not disclosed by saying that this desperado and her dashing lover are one and the same, for it is a self-evident fact from the very beginning. The story is rather a poor one, exactly like a thousand others, and with no special claim to consideration. (D. Appleton & Co.)

NO LESS AN historical authority than the late Edward A. Freeman emphasized the truth that for a good general history it was necessary to have all the local history collected. It is a good thing to have the traditions of revolutionary times set forth in accurate statement with documentary evidence. If this cannot be done, it is well to have the local legends embalmed in the amber of fiction. Mr. P. Demarest Johnson, who seems to be familiar with every foot of ground along the mountains and valleys of southeastern New York, writes a good story of "Claudius, the Cowboy of Ramapo Valley." Though far from being a skilled novelist, he has made an attractive story, which sheds interesting light upon some of the minor occurrences of the Revolution. The characters, white and black, native and alien, are clearly drawn. Evidently the story is a string of stirring facts but slightly embellished, rather than a work of fiction, in the imaginative sense of that word. (Middletown, N. Y.: Slauson & Boyd.)—"JESSIE'S THREE RESOLUTIONS," by Mary E. Bamford, is a story written with the idea of arousing interest in foreign missionary work. The scene is laid in a town in southern California, and the author has woven together a number of items which are suggestive and instructive. The story is sufficiently "medicated" to suit the most extreme sectarian. While intended to advance the coming of the millennium, it will also do its part in delaying that expected epoch. But for this disfigurement, the little book has a useful part to play, and has peculiar interest. (American Baptist Publication Society.)

MR. H. C. MCVICKAR, who is somewhat known as an illustrator, has yielded to the *cacothés scribendi* and joined the majority in writing a book. It would have been better for his fame had he refrained, for the book is poor stuff—a "society novel" entitled "The Purple Light of Love." Its profound philosophy and pungent satire are well epitomized in the following quaint apothegm taken from page 123:—"How those everlasting hills as they stand shoulder to shoulder before the Lord must chuckle at the little human midgets below that squirm and plan and fidget and worry in their efforts to be always amused and excited." Imagine an everlasting hill chuckling before the Lord! There's a fine idea for a poet. In the way of humor we are told of a tight-laced lady who confides to the hero that she feels "like an overflowing cornucopia, bubbling out of her gown." But there is tragedy, also, in this remarkable book, for the *jeune premier*, who is a New York lawyer, and has made a fortune at strictly professional work before he is thirty, and therefore surely, if ever man was, is entitled to a starry crown, marries a flaunting, extravagant queen, who is more in society than of it, and, after discovering his wife in the room of an old lover, completes his folly by going to St. Petersburg to die in the remarkable act of joining her hand to that of his rival, with a blessing and the gift of all his great professional fortune. This is very wonderful, but does not surpass in imagination the conception of that fortune's amassing. However, we should not recommend Mr. McVickar's book to Sunday-school librarians—nor to anyone else, for that matter. (D. Appleton & Co.)



MISS CLEMENTINA BLACK is, we are informed, a new writer, but her novel, "An Agitator," reveals an experienced hand. It is a tale of the fourth estate in England and of a man of the class made familiar by recent political history, of which Mr. John Burns, M.P., is a conspicuous example. Miss Black's "Agitator" is an anomaly in the labor party, for the reason that, though born an artisan and bred to earn a living with his hands, he is the son of Sir John Warwick, Solicitor-General of England and an "old Parliamentary hand." His career blazes with unexpected light in consequence, for the father's blood reveals itself in his features as well as his intelligence. He is a leader of the labor party at two-and-thirty, and stands for Parliament, the cynosure of England. How he is accused of abstracting ballots just as his success at the polls is announced, how he is tried and convicted and finally pardoned of the offence of another, Miss Black tells with spirit and enthusiasm. Her hero engages our affections and her wit illumines the picture of that society of middle-class socialists in London who call themselves and their theories of reform "Fabian," and who have drawn upon themselves and their bourgeois masquerade at anarchy the hilarious attention of nations. Miss Black's novel merits the attention always due to sincerity. (Harper & Bros.)—WE HAVE NEVER been among those who rank Prof. Boyesen as an American novelist. As an accomplishment in linguistics, his fiction is, we grant, remarkable; but since we read his most elaborate story, wherein he married an alleged gentleman to a Negress at Southampton, we have felt little inclination for more of its kind. Since prejudices are as odious as comparisons, however, we have carefully and conscientiously read through the stories collected under the title of "Norseland Tales," and we are compelled to confess that, so far as they bear witness, the author is so saturated with German literature as to be incapable of comprehending our American cast of mind. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

ACCORDING TO HIS OWN STORY, Mr. Howard Pyle floats about in the air like 250 pounds' weight of thistle-down, and drifts into top-rooms frequented by some very queer company. In his introduction to his latest book, "Twilight Land," he tells of one such adventure, which ended at the Mother Goose Inn, where Bidpai and Cinderella, the Soldier who Cheated the Devil and Sindbad the Sailor, the Tailor who Killed Seven Flies at a Blow, and Doctor Faustus were swapping stories and were otherwise having what such people consider a good time. Some of their tales are retold in his book, and illustrated with sketches, probably made from whatever kind of nature there may be in Twilight Land. Storytellers in all ages have been great plagiarists, and these are no exception to the rule; but they seem to have pilfered in detail and to have pooled the proceeds, so that Bidpai imitates the Arabian Nights, and the Lad who Fiddled when the Jew was in the Bramble-bush has a tale of St. Nicholas, and Cinderella mixes up kings and genies and Jacob Stuck and a bit of blue glass. The pictures are of faggot-makers peering into inky caverns, of Persian princes leading Andalusian mules, of kings and pipers, of eagles flying out of dormer-windows, and of Saracens carrying election torches. In short, it appears that it was all a dream, and that the author must have been over-indulging in fairy literature. His book bears about the same relation to the old stand-bys as very rich plum-pudding does to raisins and spices and sugar and burnt brandy. (Harper & Bros.)

A NEW EDITION of "The White Company," by A. Conan Doyle, has been provided with eight illustrations by George Willis Bardwell. It is bound in a handsome cover, most appropriately of an heraldic design, with crosses fitched, argent, and crosses of St. George, gules.—THE PUBLICATION, in Harper's Quarterly, of Henry James's "Washington Square" is timely at present on account of Du Maurier's illustrations. This series promises to become in time an inexpensive library of some of the best books published in recent years. (Harper & Bros.)—MISS KATHERINE P. WORMELEY devoted her admirable skill as a translator to a worthy subject when she took up Paul Bourget's "A Saint," one of the most delicate fancies of that physiologist of the soul. The little book is illustrated by P. Chabas, and bound in an artistic board cover, probably designed by the same artist. (Roberts Bros.)—"OOWIKAPUN," by Egerton Ryerson Young, is a narrative, in the form of a story, of how the Gospel reached the Nelson River Indians. (Hunt & Eaton.)—"MUGWUMPS," by One of Them, is a political story (of course), with its scene laid in Boston and its neighborhood, an dits plot reaching back into the period of the Civil War to bring about

the plight in which Rodman Heath, Congressman elect, finds himself. The story is readable. (Arena Pub. Co.)

## The Lounger

IT SEEMS THAT Mr. Laurence Hutton's protest, in *Harper's Magazine*, against the contribution of money by American citizens to the fund for the purchase of Carlyle's house in Cheyne Row, did not appear in the English edition of that periodical. That, however, did not prevent its discovery by an English editor, him of *The St. James's Budget*, who, with a spirit of enterprise quite worthy of his Yankee cousins, republished it in his journal. It is needless to say that Mr. Hutton's words have aroused the British lion. I am not surprised that they had that effect. I don't at all agree with Mr. Hutton, who said, if you remember:—"There seems to exist in the Mother Country a curious notion that, while we have cast off all personal and national allegiance to the British Crown, we are still rank Tories and Royalists in our devotion to British literature, and that, while we are politically a free and independent people, we are still an intellectual province of Great Britain, and that we must still pay taxes to the great and royal British mind." If the "curious notion" exists in the Mother Country that we are "still rank Tories and Royalists in our devotion to British literature," I do not think it strange. The Mother Country probably knows that British literature is the favorite reading in the United States. We regard the British classics as our classics, and he would be a bold man who would tell us that Shakespeare was not as much ours as theirs. As for the modern British author, we prefer him to all others, if one may judge by the way we buy and read him.

IT IS TRUE that Carlyle was not very polite in his manner of speaking of Americans collectively; but was he always polite when he spoke of his own countrymen? He didn't mind calling them fools or worse; but they bear him no grudge for it. He thought well of individual Englishmen and of individual Americans. Was he not a friend and admirer of Emerson? He talked foolishly during our Civil War, but so did a great many people whom we are not going to let lie unforgiven in their graves. When we express our views of Carlyle, we must forget his ill-tempered utterances, for, while as a person he was nervous and crusty, as an Influence he is among the most powerful in his effect upon men's minds to-day; and I regret to say that there seems to be but little more enthusiasm in England about raising money to buy his house than there is in America.

I HOPE THAT Mr. Hutton is not going to twist the lion's tail every time he sees it: he should be too good a Scotchman for that. If our writers are going to abuse everything British, as some of them do, it will look as though they were jealous of the present irruption of British authors in America.

IN HIS AMUSING LITTLE BOOK, "The Literary Shop," Mr. James L. Ford insinuates that it is the fault of the American editor that so few American story-writers "have arrived" during the past five or six years. I should like to know why the editors are to blame? It seems to me that they do their best to coax the author out of his hole. They are continually trying new people; but if the public does not want them, they cannot force them down the public's throat. The editor is quite as much disappointed as the author when one that he has had hopes of fails to realize his promise. Mr. Ford points to Miss Wilkins as the "one writer to show as the fruit of American literary endeavor during six years," thus ignoring Mrs. Deland and the very clever work of Mr. Richard Harding Davis, which, I think, is hardly to be ignored. The author of "John Ward Preacher" and "Philip and His Wife" certainly can be shown as "the fruit of American literary endeavor during six years," and it is within six years that "Gallagher" put Mr. Davis into this fruit-basket.

PROF. BOYESEN SENDS me this interesting anecdote from the Norwegian papers:—"Henrik Ibsen was taking his regular afternoon walk the other day, on Karl Johan's Gade, the fashionable promenade in Christiania. From the opposite direction came a tall, elderly gentleman who, seeing the dramatist, stepped up to him and offered him his hand. This was an honor which had scarcely ever before been shown to a mere citizen, for the gentleman in question was his Majesty Oscar II., King of Sweden and Norway. To everybody's astonishment he joined the poet in his walk, and the two promenaded along Karl Johan together,

in earnest conversation. An immense crowd gathered and followed the unique pair—the 'King among poets and the poet among Kings,' as a Norwegian paper styles them. It was a veritable triumphal progress. The crowd yelled and cheered. Oscar II. has never done a more popular thing since he became King of Norway."

I HAD A RUSSIAN BOOK in my hand, the other day, and by way of a joke gave it to Mr. Marion Crawford, who stood near me, saying, "I wish you would read me a few paragraphs from this." To my surprise he took the book and read it off as one might read his mother tongue. "My Russian is a little rusty," said he, "for I have read very little of it since Tolstol's 'Kreutzer Sonata.'" I could not help laughing at the way the joke had been turned upon me. A lady standing near, joining in the conversation, said, "I thought that you knew Mr. Crawford well enough to know that he is one of those fortunate mortals who learn a language in two weeks." I did remember, then, that he was a linguist, but a man may be a linguist and not include Russian in his list.

APROPOS, Mr. Crawford told me that his edition of "The Kreutzer Sonata" was one of the later ones, in that it contained a preface covering about thirty pages, in which Tolstol revoked all that he had said on similar subjects before, and pinned his faith to this strange story, the telling of which he vindicated on the highest moral grounds. I have never seen a translation of this preface, and, what is more to the point, Mr. Crawford has never seen one. And he would be more likely to know if one had been made than I am. Mr. Crawford, by the way, has just returned to Italy.

FOREIGNERS DO HAVE a hard time with our language. A Frenchwoman, for instance, was trying to explain to a colored waiter in one of our uptown hotels that she would like to get a certain dish here which she used to get in France, and of which she was very fond. Eloquent gesture failed to throw any light upon her meaning, but at last she found words:—"Ah, I have him—you know—snakes in houses with horns upstairs!"

### Authors and Publishers

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

In alluding to the incorporation of the American Authors' Guild you state that one of the purposes of its existence is "to settle disputes between them"—that is, the authors. It is hard to be thus wounded in the house of a friend. Not only do the members of this guild dwell together in goodwill and amity, but memory fails to recall an instance of a dispute between authors as such. As a rule, they are the most inoffensive of men, less vexed than other craftsmen and artists by the rancors of professional jealousy. The reason for this may be not only the innate gentleness which pertains to the man-of-letters as distinguished from his fellows, but also the absence of the professional spirit in his work. Too often he is a solitary dreamer, remote from the realities of life, ignorant of what is being done by others in his own department, leaving the exploitation of the tangible side of his life product to the unsupervised industry of his publisher. And here we come to the word which your proof-reader omitted, in the hope, perhaps, of curing an ill by ignoring it. The disputes to be settled are with the publishers; and we cannot deny that they occasionally occur; though it may be questioned whether the blame can invariably be affixed to the side which, as things are now adjusted, holds the purse-strings, and doles out a meagre compensation for that incalculable thing, creative intelligence.

Much may be said in this world of hard facts on the side of the publisher. In many cases, no doubt, he is at heart the beneficent friend of letters; but he is *per se* a man of business. It is the difficulty of listing the intractable commodity which the author brings to market, in terms of the stock-exchange or counting-house, which causes misunderstanding. Who can put Pegasus to the plough and calculate the value of his day's work done in such harness; and if he does not plough well, why should his pay be as high as that of a moderately good cart-horse whose rate of power is a known mechanical factor?

The situation is of a significance which cannot be compassed in a few cursory remarks; and to the permanent bettering of its conditions the Authors' Guild have addressed themselves. Friends of literature will wish them Godspeed.

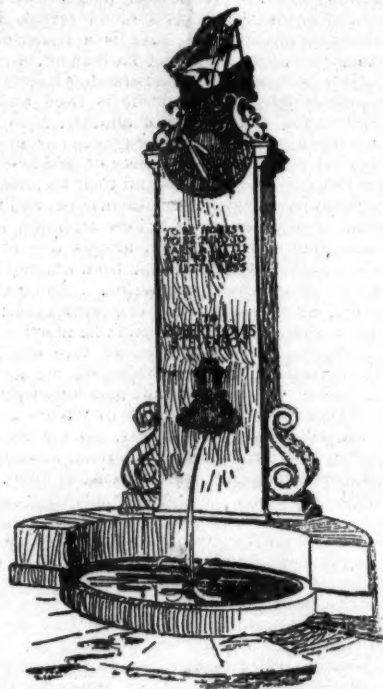
CONSTANCE GODDARD DU BOIS.

WATERBURY, CONN., 10 Feb., 1895.

### Stevensoniana

SAN FRANCISCO'S PROPOSED STEVENSON FOUNTAIN

SOME ACCOUNT was given, in *The Critic* of Jan. 19, of a project to erect a Stevenson memorial fountain in the old Plaza at San Francisco. The plan is as yet in a very early stage of development, but it is worthy of notice that, according to a private letter recently received in this city, no effort will be made to interest the



general public. "The desire of the committee is that, East or West, contributions may come from Stevenson's lovers, rather than from the public (so persistently harried by demands for contributions for purposes to which they are indifferent). To his lovers I cannot but think the idea for a memorial here will appeal through a kind of picturesque unfitness that yet makes a memorial in San Francisco altogether fitting." The picture of the proposed fountain given here is from *The Mail and Express*, which reproduced it from the San Francisco *Examiner*.

A popular edition of Stevenson's works, in sixteen volumes, will be published by the Scribners.

Roberts Bros. announce a new edition of the five works of Stevenson published by them, "Travels with a Donkey," "An Inland Voyage," "The Silverado Squatters," "Treasure Island" and "Prince Otto."

In a letter to Edmund Gosse, written by Stevenson on the very day of his death, he says:—"I was not born for age. \* \* \* I am a childless, rather bitter, very clear-eyed, blighted youth." And at the end of the letter:—"I have, in fact, lost the path that makes it easy and natural for you to descend the hill. I am going at it straight. And where I have to go down it is a precipice."

We learn that the forthcoming volume of the Edinburgh edition of the late R. L. Stevenson's works, being Vol. II. of the section "Travels and Excursions," will contain a hundred pages of matter hitherto unpublished, being the account of the author's passage across the Atlantic, from Glasgow to New York, as an emigrant, in 1879. This account, under the heading "From the Clyde to Sandy Hook," forms now, as it was originally intended to form, the first part of a complete work, entitled "The Amateur Emigrant," the second part consisting of the section already published under the title "Across the Plains." "The Amateur Emigrant" was published on Jan. 26 as a separate book by Stone & Kimball, the whole edition being sold before publication. A second edition is now ready.





**CONAN DOYLE**  
**On Literary Aspects of America**

The famous novelist's impressions of American literary conditions and prospects. Told through Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie.

**DR. W. J. ROLFE**  
**ON MRS. SHAKESPEARE**

The *Critic's* Shakespearean editor tells what is really known of Shakespeare's wife, her courtship, marriage, family and children.

Both articles are in the March issue of

**THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL**

**Ten Cents on All News-stands**

**The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia**

## The March Magazines

### "The Century Magazine"

THIS is a particularly interesting number. With each successive instalment the value and thoroughness of Prof. Sloane's *Life of Napoleon* becomes more manifest. He has studied the works of all his predecessors in the field, and adds to this knowledge the results of his own researches. The historical portraits and reproductions of well-known paintings worthily complement the text; but we think the original illustrations of but little value, meritorious as they are in themselves. Mr. Krehbiel's article on Eugène Ysaye is a whole-hearted, enthusiastic tribute to an artist who was known for many years before he came within the ken of the American public. In fact, "despite his youthfulness—he is barely thirty-six years old—Ysaye is more the bearer of the traditions of past decades than a prodigy of to-day. He stands in manner and accomplishment as a link between us and the last great masters of the French school. Vieuxtemps died in 1881, and for some years before that time Ysaye had enjoyed his friendship and artistic guardianship. In Brussels \* \* \* and at the conservatory of Liège, his native town, Ysaye was the pupil of Wieniawsky."—Thomas Commerford Martin devotes a short article to that perfect manifestation of the highest development of the human brain, Hermann von Helmholtz, the man who "for forty years held the scientific leadership of Europe. \* \* \* Helmholtz did so much, in so many different fields, and so well, that barely now is an idea obtainable of the deep impress he made on these times. His was a versatile genius, hardly less critical than creative. He was mathematician, physicist, physiologist, biologist, mechanician, psychologist, author, professor, experimenter, lecturer, physician, oculist, inventor, all in one." An excellent portrait of Helmholtz, engraved by T. Johnson from a photograph, accompanies the article. —The "Tendenzroman," the depressing mixture of tract and fiction known as the novel with a mission, is classified by Mr. H. C. Bunner as "Cheating at Letters." This novel-like product has come in vogue especially since a certain lady's books of this kind have reached a phenomenal circulation. "There are many good people," says the author of "Short Sixes," "who can't help writing tracts, and there are many who have been led astray by the example of Charles Dickens. They remember that certain social reforms in England were directly due to the influence of Dickens's novels. But they forget that those novels were just as interesting to people in America, who had no concern in those reforms, as they were to the people of England, to whom they were of vital interest. \* \* \* He gave full measure of story-telling, and he gave the Londoner no better value than he gave the backwoodsman in Michigan, who very likely took these episodes as mere fancy sketches, and didn't believe that there never was no such place as the Fleet Prison." Then, having referred to "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and Dickens's honest indignation, the writer comes to the inner meaning of it all:—"But when one of these books makes a notorious success, and fifty others of the same type follow in its wake, we cannot but believe that the fifty imitations are out for the dollars and not for the soul." Right here it is well to muse over the ethics that connect "The Plain Man, the Dollar and a Half, and the Author," duly discussed in this instructive paper. —Clarence Clough Buel reveals the Tammany-esque methods of some of the Dutch governors and authorities of New Amsterdam, in "Blackmail as a Heritage," showing that the seventeenth-century Hollander was not quite the connecting link between poor humanity and the heavenly hosts that he has been made out to be of late. The comparisons are striking, and are brought out with humor. —It is difficult to choose among the rest of the contents. Noah Brooks's "Two War-Time Conventions: Lincoln's Second Nomination and McClellan's Nomination at Chicago" is followed by a breezy paper on travel by Harriet Waters Preston, "Beyond the Adriatic," the illustrations whereof suggest the reflection that Mr. Pennell has one method, and only one. Pieter de Hoogh is Mr. Cole's choice for the Old Dutch Masters Series, this month; and there is an illustrated article on Jean Carriès, the sculptor and potter. Mr. Crawford's much-discussed "Casa Braccio" and Mrs. Harrison's "Errant Wooing" are continued, and there are short stories by George A. Hibbard, Clarence Clough Buel and Harry Stillwell Edwards. —A poem by Edmund Clarence Stedman is like good wine: it needs no bush. It suffices, therefore, to say, that this number contains a "Proem to a Victorian Anthology" from his pen. The departments are well worth reading, as they always are.

### "Harper's Monthly"

IN HIS ARTICLE on "Fox-Hunting in America," Casper W. Whitney proves how unfounded is the impression, so common among us, that the sport is an English importation of recent date. "As a desultory sport pursued by individuals without coöperation," he says, "fox-hunting in England naturally takes precedence over the United States by reason of greater age, but in its organized form the disparity in years is not so much in favor of the mother-country."—Laurence Hutton's "Literary Landmarks of Jerusalem" cannot easily be overpraised. It is a finished bit of writing, impressive, reverent and deserving to be widely read. —A short paper on "An American Academy at Rome" contains the opinions of some foreign painters as to the advantages of Rome over Paris—of Italy over France—as a school of art for American painters. The article is from the pen of Mr. Royal Cortissoz, and points out with uncompromising severity the shortcomings of modern French art. —Mr. Howells contributes a poem, "Society," which conveniently divides humanity into butterflies of fashion and children of poverty, the former dancing unthinkingly on the bleeding hearts of the latter. This simplifies things very much, but ignores the existence of a large class of people who work hard by day and find recreation in dress-coats and chiffons by night. —Sarah Orne Jewett possesses what nearly all other New England writers lack—a sunny, kindly sense of humor. She shows it in "Fame's Little Day," which is an excellent bit of work. Mr. Davis concludes "The Princess Aline"; and Thomas Hardy continues the story of "Hearts Insurgent." —Julian Ralph writes of "The Industrial Region of Northern Alabama, Tennessee and Georgia," in continuation of his former articles; and St. George Mivart talks interestingly of "Heredity." —Mr. Stephen H. Olin's article on "The New York Common Schools" is accompanied by Mr. Warner's Study comments on "Ignorance of the Bible" and "Trained Memories." On the former subject we agree with him. "In comparison with its position in the family a generation ago," he says, "the Bible is now a neglected book." He acknowledges the efforts made in Sunday-schools and mentions the proposition to take it up in the schools and colleges as literature, but believes that interest in it can be revived only "by attention to the fundamental cause of this ignorance, the neglect of its use in the home in childhood." Again, "wholly apart from its religious or from its ethical value, the Bible is the one book that no intelligent person who wishes to come into contact with the world of thought and to share the ideas of the great minds of the Christian era can afford to be ignorant of. All modern literature and all art are permeated with it." —As to memory-training, that is essential to any study, as Mr. Warner very truly remarks. He says, also, that memory-training is practically ignored in our present system of education; and that, again, is true. But he deems it "a public service to give the widest publicity to a method of mind-training," practised by the principal of a girls' school in Connecticut. This method consists partly in glancing at columns of figures and remembering their sequence, and eke in "unconscious counting." *i. e.*, "immediately recognizing the number of a group of objects without counting them. \* \* \* After a few weeks' practice, the pupils could instantly recognize fifteen objects without counting." This kind of thing seems to us utterly valueless. The young ladies educated at the Connecticut school may be able, when they leave it, to remember the sequence of endless columns of figures, and "unconsciously count" two hundred objects at a glance. But it is more than likely that they will be unable to remember names, or faces, or dates, or appointments. The Connecticut teacher is teaching her pupils an amusing little accomplishment, but forgets, as does Mr. Warner, that there are many memories. And to educate the memory of the eye in one direction, without developing the memories of hearing, smell, taste and touch, and, above all, without teaching these to coöperate, promises, it seems to us, to bring but small results.

### "Scribner's Magazine"

PRESIDENT ANDREWS of Brown University begins in this number his promised "History of the Last Quarter-Century of the United States," his first instalment dealing with the period at the close of reconstruction. This includes the Chicago fire, the Tweed régime, Black Friday and the Alabama claims. The article is illustrated, and contains railroad-maps of the United States in 1870 and 1894, and numerous portraits. It is difficult to obtain a clear



idea of the author's scope and method from this first instalment, and we await the second with interest. —Noah Brooks continues his series of interesting historical papers in "When Slavery Went Out of Politics," which is accompanied, like its predecessors, by a number of interesting portraits. —The Superintendent of Parks of New York has an article on "Bedding-Plants," which can be recommended to amateur horticulturists, now happily so numerous in all parts of the country. —The first of the series of "Stories of Girls' College Life" is somewhat disappointing. It is not spontaneous, and has in reality very little to do with girls' college life, except that all the characters but one are college girls. —The article on "House-Furnishing and the Commissariat," in Robert Grant's Art of Living Series, is less amusing than its predecessors. —There is a study of "Orchestral Conducting and Conductors" from the pen of William F. Apthorp, which, it is superfluous to say, is highly interesting; and, apropos of art, F. S. King is the American wood-engraver chosen for discussion and illustration in this number. —The literary feature this month is F. B. Sanborn's collection of "Thoreau's Poems of Nature," from which we quote that called "Nature":—

"O Nature! I do not aspire  
To be the highest in thy quire—  
To be a meteor in thy sky,  
Or comet that may range on high;  
Only a zephyr that may blow  
Among the reeds by the river low;  
Give me thy most privy place  
Where to run my airy race.

In some withdrawn, unpublic mead  
Let me sigh upon a reed,  
Or in the woods, with leafy din,  
Whisper the still evening in;  
Some still work give me to do—  
Only—be it near to you!

For I'd rather be thy child  
And pupil, in the forest wild,  
Than be the king of men elsewhere,  
And most sovereign slave of care;  
To have one moment of thy dawn,  
Than share the city's year forlorn."

The anonymous contributors to the Point of View columns have invariably something of interest to say. This month we have a tribute to Stevenson; a thoughtful consideration of the dangers poor young men run in marrying rich girls, and of the reasons why they should sometimes thus sacrifice themselves, and the compensations therefor; some observations anent our desire to shine as brilliant conversationalists, which "reduces rational conversation to a process of repartee"; and a note on "Lear's Fool," suggested by Prof. Barrett Wendell's book on Shakespeare. —George Meredith's new novel we will discuss at length when it is finished, piecemeal criticism being both unjust and irrelevant. It may be of interest, however, to mention that among the rest of the contents are three sonnets by William Morton Fullerton, and the first part of Mr. Howells's two-part story, "A Circle in the Water," in which the convict, his term served out, visits a friend of the days before his fall.

#### "The North American Review"

OUR INTEREST in this month's *North American* centres on Max O'Rell's reply to Mark Twain's strictures on "Outre-Mer," the record of Paul Bourget's American impressions, or shall we say "sensations"? He loves the latter word, and used it in the title of his book on Italy. We confess that neither Mr. Clemens's attack nor M. Blouet's rejoinder is very edifying; the latter declares that he does not believe in the *tu quoque* argument, but incidentally lets us know that he might use it with great effect, of which Mark Twain will please take notice. The French observer of the peculiarities of Anglo-Saxondom is always good-natured, and does not lose his temper even under this provocation, though he says a few sharp words which, we think, the Innocent Abroad fully deserves. Of course, some foreigners do not share Max O'Rell's enthusiasm for the country of his birth; in fact, many of them, and they not Anglo-Saxons alone, see in its art and letters, its life and its public affairs, signs of impending decay. Of Bourget's work Max O'Rell says that it is "pretentious in its aim, and provincial in its execution." —The affairs of the nation are discussed in several papers, four of them bearing on the question, "Is an Extra Session Needed?" Senator Davis is as unfavorably im-

pressed by the latest "Two Years of Democratic Diplomacy" as was Mark Twain by "Outre-Mer"; and the Hon. R. P. Bland speaks of "The Future of Silver." —Sir William Harcourt's budget is discussed by Lord Playfair as "A New Departure in English Taxation"; Lady Henry Somerset, Harriet Prescott Spofford and Marion Harland take up Dr. Edson's article on "Nagging Women"; Elbridge T. Gerry is in favor of the cat-o'-nine-tails for certain forms of crime of whose prevalence, he says, both press and public are unaware; Albert D. Vandam gives some information about Dupin, Morny and Persigny, Napoleon's allies in the *coup d'état*; Stockton Bates does not seem to get very near a solution of the question "How to Prevent Strikes and Lockouts"; Lieut. John A. Harman, U. S. A., points out "The Political Importance of Hawaii," meaning, however, its naval importance; Henry Wollman speaks of "The Danger of the Federal Judiciary"; and there is a long note, by Charles H. Harvey, on "Past Extra Sessions."

#### "The Pall Mall Magazine"

THE PRACTISED HAND of Mrs. Oliphant is felt in the first lines of "A Mysterious Bridegroom," which is the first of the short stories in the March *Pall Mall*, Beatrice Kipling contributing the second, which is of the kind that pleases to a certain degree but lacks the finishing touch. Lord Ernest Hamilton tells of "Master and Man," the master being a duke who nursed his valet through an attack of smallpox. "The Founding of *The Eagle*," by Headon Hill, a story of the opening of the Cherokee strip to settlers, is worth reading. —Of interest to many will be A. M. K. Dehlavi's answer to the question, "Who Were the First Players of Polo?" He traces the origin of the game to Persia, somewhere about the end of the fifth century, B. C., and states that for many years it was the exclusive privilege of Persian royalty. There are a number of illustrations taken from different sources in the British Museum. —Something new in the way of statistic demonstration is found in the diagrams drawn by Mr. W. H. Mallock for his article on "The Census and the Condition of the People" in England. If his pictorial system were adopted by the different governments, blue-books would become very popular and easily digestible. —Major-Gen. Sir Evelyn Wood begins a study of the part played by "Cavalry in the Waterloo Campaign," with maps and a plan. Sir Evelyn is a strong believer in cavalry and the part it is to play in the great European war that we have been expecting now for nearly twenty years. —Lady Sykes describes her experiences during a stay of "Ten Days in Burmah"; George Roller's "A Check" is the best thus far in his series of pictures of Fox Hunting; the colored picture by "a Japanese artist in England" represents an afternoon tea on a very green lawn, under a very blue sky, partaken of by ladies with Japanese faces and English clothes, their sleeves being of the peaked fashion of three years ago. The frontispiece is Greuze's "Broken Pitcher."

#### "The Cosmopolitan"

THE MOST IMPORTANT piece of news that this number contains is the fact, communicated by Francisque Sarcey, that the question is being agitated in Paris whether the Legion of Honor should be given to Sarah Bernhardt or not. A newspaper has organized a *plébiscite* on the question, and M. Sarcey himself does not know how many reporters have interviewed him on the subject. His opinion is that it would be wise to ask the actress herself, first of all, what she thinks of it:—"Sarah is a very bright woman; she is, also, wonderfully independent. It may well be that she does not care for the ribbon." It is very probable, we think, that she would refuse the decoration if it were offered to her. But then, one never knows: there is a possibility that even Herbert Spencer would accept a peerage. —Ernest Daudet writes of "A President of France," the late Sadi Carnot, pictures of whose birthplace and ancestors adorn the article. —Dr. R. W. Shufeldt, a U. S. Army surgeon, discusses "Beauty from an Indian's Point of View." The portraits he gives present some rather handsome faces, and others that are positively hideous. —J. A. Zahm's article on "The Observatory of the Vatican" is interesting, and contains a reproduction of the first photograph ever taken of St. Peter's from the Observatory. —A picturesque nook of Normandy, Mont-Saint-Michel, is described by J. Howe Adams; Judge Tourgée continues "The Story of a Thousand"; Georges Rodenbach tells the romance of "A Portrait in Bruges"; there is an article on "Pearl-Diving and its Perils," by Herbert P. Witmarsh, and one on "The Beautiful Models of Paris," by F. Thiébauld Sisson, with portraits. W. Clark Russell adds another

breathless chapter to his "Three-Stranded Yarn," the legend "to be continued" following appropriately the discovery by the castaways of "a sail!"

#### "Lippincott's Magazine"

THE NOVEL, which forms the chief feature of the magazine, has been supplied this month by Capt. Charles King. It is called "A Tame Surrender," and has been pieced together carefully after the author's well-known manner. It deals with the Chicago strike, the riots and their suppression; and the hero is, of course, an Army officer. The heroine is a rich Chicago girl, the description of whose charms in the opening pages of the story is cloying in its sweetness.—Richard Burton has a quatrain on Robert Louis Stevenson; James Knapp Reeve gives "A Glimpse of Cuba"; Isabel F. Hapgood writes of "Furs in Russia," from which, among other things, we learn that Russians care little for our beloved sealskin, considering it a "cold fur." Prof. Boyesen chronicles "A Youthful Reminiscence"; W. D. McCrackan traces the significance of woman's dress at different periods in "A Question of Costume"; William Cranston Lawton enumerates "The Artist's Compensations"; George J. Varney writes of "Electric Locomotives on Steam Roads"; and the short stories are "The Luck of the Atkinses," by Margaret B. Yeates, "Fulfilment," by Elizabeth Knowlton Carter, and "One of the Wanted," by B. B.

#### McClure's Magazine

THE FIRST PLACE among the contents of this number belongs to Mr. Gladstone's paper on "The Lord's Day," which is accompanied by a series of portraits of its author, forming the Human Documents of the month. Mr. Crawford has been interviewed by "Droch," and has told some interesting things about his life and methods of work, the article being illustrated, of course, with portraits and views. Mr. Crawford, by the way, wrote "Marzio's Crucifix" in ten days and "The Tale of a Lonely Parish" in twenty-four days—one chapter a day, of about 5000 words. "Both of those stories," he says, "were easy to write, because I was perfectly familiar with the background of each. I had once studied silver-carving with a skilled workman, and the idea suggested itself to me to write a story about an atheist who should put his life and soul into the carving of a crucifix. \* \* \* In the case of 'The Lonely Parish,' I \* \* \* immediately thought of the little village of Hatfield Regis in Hertfordshire, where I was sent as a pupil to a clergyman. I lifted that little village bodily out of my memory, and put it into my story." The new diphtheria treatment is described by Dr. Hermann M. Biggs, the method of making anti-toxine being the subject of Dr. William H. Park's contribution on the subject. Conan Doyle's story, "The Lord of Château Noir," which he read during his lecture-tour, appears in these pages, as does, also, an article from the same pen on sport, in "An Alpine Pass on Ski." Stanley J. Weyman has a story of "La Toussaint" in the days of Henri IV.; and Mrs. E. V. Wilson tells the story of "A Blizzard" on the Western prairies. An article on a modern "Ocean Flyer" is lavishly illustrated with views taken from every possible point of vantage that a steamer affords, from the stoke-hole to a *cabine de luxe*.

#### "The Review of Reviews"

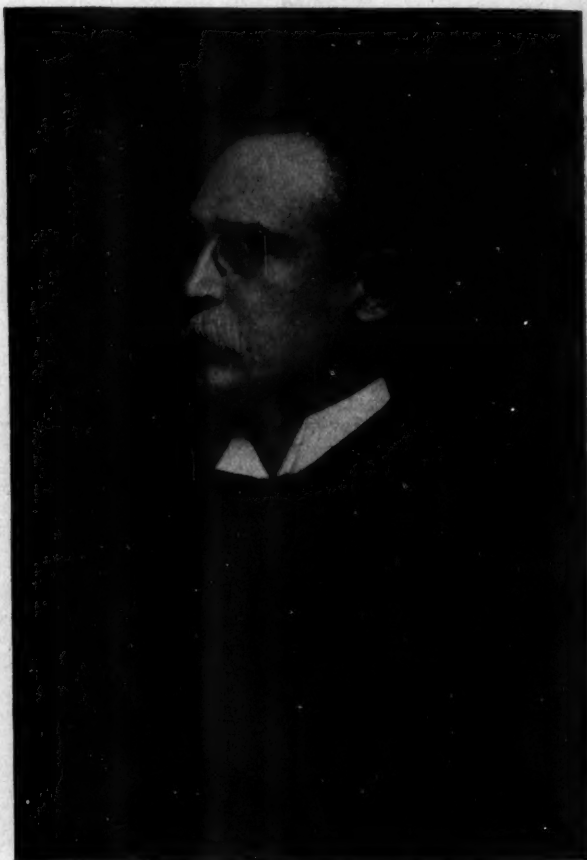
THE FRONTISPIECE of this number is a reproduction of C. M. Hardie's painting, "The Meeting of Burns and Scott in Sciennes House, Edinburgh," exhibited at the Royal Academy this year. The Progress of the World is filled with discussions of highly important topics: the new Government loan, the Brooklyn strike, Col. Waring and clean streets, the loss of the Elbe, the extreme cold, etc. The portraits are of Marshal Canrobert, Captains von Goessel and Baudelon, Baron de Giers, Prof. Seeley, Dr. Loomis, M. Ribot, Col. Waring, Charles A. Gayarré, Prof. Cayley, August Belmont, Nathan Rothschild and others. Two important sketches, one of a young man whose day is past, the other of an old man who is still active in the world's affairs, are of greatest importance among the leading articles. A character sketch of Lord Randolph Churchill gives a comprehensive account of his political activity, which has been too often underrated; and Francesco Crispi is discussed at length by G. M. James. Both articles are illustrated with portraits, and that on Lord Randolph with reproductions of old caricatures. The other leading articles are on "The State Legislatures," reviewing the work of 33 representative bodies that will reach final adjournment in March; "The Electric Street Railways of Budapest," held up as an object-lesson for American cities; "The Service of an Invalid Aid Society,"

by C. F. Nichols, M. D.; the "Anti-Toxine 'Cure' for Diphtheria"; "American Stock in European Markets"; and "James Clark Redpath: a Typical Man of the Ohio Valley and the Old Northwest."

### Sale of the Foote Collection

#### THIRD PART

THE THIRD AND LAST DAY of the sale of the Foote collection by Bangs & Co. was as much of a success as the two preceding days, from the standpoint of both the bibliophile and the auctioneer. The total received for the 281 numbers was \$1660, which is remarkably high, when we consider that the collection of first editions sold was of the works of modern authors, many of which are in no way scarce and may, in fact, be bought from their publishers at regular prices. Some of the first editions of An-



CHARLES B. FOOTE

drew Lang and Rossetti fetched the highest prices ever recorded. The prices that may prove of interest to collectors and dealers are here given, all books sold being first editions.

Matthew Arnold's "Saint Brandon," London, 1867, original paper covers, with autograph letter, \$12; his "Geist's Grave" (1881), with autograph letter, \$22.50; Birrell's "Obiter Dicta," large-paper, 2 vols., brought \$7.50; and Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland," illustrated by Tenniel, with autograph letter, is \$57.50. A copy of this very rare first edition was recently sold in this city for \$75; "Through the Looking-Glass" brought \$15. The thirteen volumes of Dunlap Society Publications fetched \$2 per volume; Eugene Field's "The Model Primer," published in Brooklyn in 1882, was bought at \$21; Norman Gale's "A June Romance" (1892), uncut (No. 19 of 23 large-paper copies), at \$8.50, and his "Orchard Songs" and "Cricket Songs" at \$5.50 each; "A Fellowship in Song," by Alfred Hayes, Richard Le Gallienne and Norman Gale, went for \$4.50. The average price paid for Mr. Gale's works was \$5.89 per volume. Three Kelm-scott Press publications brought the following prices: Wilfrid



Scawen Blunt's "Love-Lyrics and Songs of Proteus," \$9.50; "The Book of Wisdom and Lies," \$11; and "The Poetical Works of John Keats," \$38. The Second Series of the "Essays of Elia," issued in Philadelphia in 1828, five years before Lamb collected his last essays of Elia in London, fetched \$12. Some of the prices paid for Andrew Lang's numerous works were: "Ballades and Lyrics of Old France," \$40; "Theocritus, Bion and Moschus," rendered into English, \$12; "xxii Ballades in Blue China," \$19; "xxii and x-xxii Ballades in Blue China," \$10.50; "Helen of Troy," \$27; "Rhymes à la Mode," \$26; "Lines on the Inaugural Meeting of the Shelley Society," \$30; "Aucassin and Nicolette," large-paper, \$80; "He," by the Author of "It," etc., large-paper, \$24.50; "Ballades in Blue China," \$30; "The Blue Poetry Book," large-paper, \$11.50; "The Green Fairy Book," large-paper, \$11; "The True Story Book," large-paper, \$12; "The Yellow Fairy Book," large-paper, \$11; "The Tercentenary of Isaac Walton," \$30. Lang and S. H. Butcher's "Odyssey of Homer" brought \$13; "The Iliad of Homer done into English Prose," by Lang and Others, \$8.50; "Elizabethan Songs in Honor of Love and Beauty," collected and illustrated by E. H. Garrett, with introduction by Andrew Lang, Japan-paper, \$15.

Richard Le Gallienne's books were sold as follows: "English Poems," \$3.25; "The Religion of a Literary Man," \$9; "Prose Fancies," \$5. William Morris's "Life and Death of Jason" brought \$14; his "Sigurd the Volsung," with autograph letter from Swinburne, \$10; "The Æneid of Virgil," \$11; and "The Story of Grettir the Strong" (in collaboration with E. Magnusson), \$9. His "Gothic Architecture" fetched \$10.50, just 50 cents more than was paid for another copy of this work at the sale on Feb. 9. Another copy of the translation of "The Tale of King Florus and the Fair Jehane" brought \$7, which is the price paid at the sale on Feb. 9. Of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's works, "Hand and Soul" fetched \$25; "The Early Italian Poets," with autograph letter, \$27; "Poems" (1870), autograph letter, \$29; "Verses" (privately printed, 1881), \$21; "Ballads and Sonnets," \$18; "The House of Life" (Copeland & Day, 1894), \$11. The copy of the first (Sydney) edition of Stevenson's "Father Damien" was sold for \$36.50. H. S. Stone's "First Editions of American Authors," with introduction by Eugene Field, brought \$6.50; the twelve volumes of Thoreau's works, \$5 each; a copy of the Villon Society's edition of "The Poems of Master François Villon," \$7.50; William Watson's "The Eloping Angels" and "Excursions in Criticism," 75 cents each; and Oscar Wilde's "Salome," illustrated by Aubrey Beardsley, \$6. Braithwaite's "Barnabæ Itinerarium," lacking frontispiece, went for \$30; John Donne's "Poems," with Elegies on the Author's Death (1633), for \$40; Fielding's "Amelia" (1752), 4 vols., \$24; Thomas Gray's "Odes" (1757), \$25; Hood's "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies, and Other Poems," \$4.25; and Pope's "Essay on Man," "Of the Use of Riches," "The Knowledge and Character of Men," "The First Satire of the Second Book of Horace," and "An Epistle from Mr. Pope to Dr. Arbuthnot," \$11.

#### SEARCHING FOR RARE BOOKS

[From *The Mail and Express*, Feb. 25.]

"I BEGAN collecting," said Mr. Foote, "early in the eighties. I started with the determination to make a complete collection of the first editions of the leading American authors. It was plain at the start that only systematic, persistent work would accomplish my purpose. During the first two and a half years I sent out more than 40,000 postal cards and letters, and advertised in more than one hundred papers and magazines. I wrote to book-dealers, librarians, friends of the various authors, in short, to everybody that might be supposed to have one of the rarities that I was after. For instance, I wrote to all the living classmates of Poe who were with him at West Point, thinking that probably I might pick up some of the early Poes among them. I corresponded with the living pupils of Longfellow who were with him at Bowdoin, hoping that I might secure through them some of the early and rare Longfellow text-books. Both the West Point and Bowdoin correspondence were in a measure successful. I had a theory that I should find copies of the rare volumes of the Boston poets in New England, and accordingly I advertised in scores of Eastern daily and weekly papers. It may be interesting to know that after searching all over the New England States I found Fanshawe at Wilkesbarre, Pa.; the large copy of Lowell's "Poems," 1844, at a cross-roads town in Ohio, and Peter Parley's "Universal History," which Hawthorne edited, in San Francisco. The juvenile publications of Hawthorne were practically unknown

until unearthed some ten years ago by my extensive advertising. When I first began collecting, Mr. Beverly Chew, now President of the Grolier Club, gave me a list of the rare Hawthornes, and I remember some of the items were as follows:—"Grandfather's Chair," one known copy; "Famous Old People," none; "Liberty Tree," none. In response to my advertising and letters I secured duplicates of many of these volumes and was able to furnish them to my book-collecting friends who had been searching for them for years.

"My longest, warmest chase was for a book I never found. I sought high and low, north, east, south and west, in cities and at cross-roads, for Poe's first edition of 'Tamerlane.' For years I maintained the fondest hopes that somehow, in response to all my efforts, a copy would come my way, but the long-wished-for rarity never came. It is said by Dibdin, I think, that all collectors are doomed to die disappointed. It is now doubtful whether I shall ever find the volume that awakened my greatest ambition. Poe, beyond a doubt, is destined to hold the lead that he has always maintained as a favorite among collectors. There is so much of the mysterious and interesting about his personality; his genius was so strange, really unique, and his first editions are so scarce and valuable, that it must ever be the acme of the ambition of the American collector to own a complete set of Poe's first editions. Next to Poe comes Hawthorne, and it will require a long chase to gather a complete set of Hawthornes. There are many rarities among the first editions of Whittier and Longfellow—enough to



make it a great undertaking to secure complete collections. These four authors are the great favorites now and will surely long remain so. The prices realized at my recent sales, while clearly indicating an increased interest in first and rare editions, are not safe guides to the collector of to-day. I sought to enhance the value of my books in every possible way. To begin with, I was not satisfied until I secured a book in the best possible condition. Often when I had a perfect volume I sought for an 'uncut' or 'tall' copy. In many instances I added valuable autograph letters and manuscripts and had the books bound by famous binders. These special features added largely to the value of the collection, and the prices are sure to be misleading if these points are not taken into consideration. The interest in collecting first and rare editions is rapidly growing in this country. Sentiment and taste have developed amazingly along these lines during the last decade, and the next ten years will show still greater progress. Collectors abound; scores of libraries are spending money freely. Booksellers are aware of these facts, and as a result a large amount of capital is going into scarce books to be stored away in the great book-stores like Putnam's and Scribner's."

Mr. Foote's three recent sales have realized more than \$20,000, but his home is still full of treasures as rare and valuable as those with which he has just parted. Among his remaining first editions may be mentioned nearly complete sets of Austin Dobson, Edmund Gosse, Frederick Locker-Lampson, Edmund Clarence Stedman, W. D. Howells, J. M. Barrie and the entire editions of the Grolier Club. Beyond a doubt he has the finest set of Stevenson first editions in America. The pamphlet entitled "An Appeal to

the Clergy of the Church of Scotland" was sent personally by Mr. Stevenson, who wrote on the cover, "C. B. Foote, from R. L. S." With it he sent a letter in which he referred to this pamphlet as follows:—"I have found lying about a copy of another early work, never acknowledged, and take pleasure to send it to you as a curiosity." In this letter he says:—"I was just 16 in November, 1866, and the 'Pentland Rising' [Mr. Foote has a very fine copy] is my first work, printed by a fond parent." Of the "South Seas" only seven copies were issued, while of "Ticonderoga" there were but fifty copies printed, and Stevenson wrote:—"Ticonderoga" was printed to insure copyright at home. I never saw it." There are in the Foote collection many presentation copies of valuable works from Brander Matthews, Laurence Hutton, Austin Dobson, Edmund Gosse and others. "From the Books of Laurence Hutton" is dedicated to C. B. Foote and Beverly Chew. "Proverbs in Porcelain," by Austin Dobson, and "Gossip in a Library," by Edmund Gosse, are also dedicated to Mr. Foote, and he has, of course, beautiful presentation copies. Mr. Foote has many valuable autograph letters and manuscripts. His manuscript of Poe's "Literary America" in a cover designed by the poet, and written in Poe's best style, is one of the most rare of Poe's relics. One hundred and seventy-five pages of the manuscript of "Nicholas Nickleby," containing the famous Fanny Squeers letter, make a good-sized volume, which is bound by Matthews in crushed brown levant. He has, also, the MS. of Stedman's "Rip Van Winkle," William Watson's "The Dream of Life," first draft, written in blank-verse, beside many others. On the walls of his home hang autograph manuscripts, letters, poems, etc., nearly all of which are framed with portraits. Among these may be mentioned those of Tennyson, Sam Johnson, Longfellow, Carlyle, Charles Lamb, Hood, Pope, Dickens, Thackeray, Shelley, Poe, Emerson, Washington, Lang, Riley, Wilkins, Dobson, Gosse, Lowell, Hutton, Aldrich, Stedman, Holmes, Irving, Stoddard, Whitman and Whittier. A peculiarly interesting gem is a letter of John Dickens, father of the novelist, and the well-known original of Wilkins Micawber. The letter is addressed to Chapman & Hall, Charles Dickens's publishers, asking for the renewal of the principal of a note, with a promise to bring up the interest, etc. The letter should be read to be fully appreciated. It has the atmosphere of Wilkins Micawber from beginning to end. Although Mr. Foote has parted with several hundred very rare volumes, the treasures nearest his heart are still in his library, and money cannot buy them.

### London Letter

EVERYONE WHO HAS a care for literature must have something of the conservative in his composition, must cling insistently to old favorites and grounded reputations. It is certain, therefore, that everyone who cares for literature must have been enjoying during the last ten days the great vogue of Mr. Walter Besant's new novel, "Beyond the Dreams of Avarice." Nowadays, there is so much fickleness in the matter of fiction, and the public is so eager to pick up the latest sensation, that there is something genuinely refreshing in a big success by an established master of his art. The success of "Beyond the Dreams of Avarice" is a very wide one. It is being hunted at the libraries, and is evoking, also, the enthusiasm of the reviewer. There is no doubt that it will rank among the very best of Mr. Besant's stories. His next book—a collection of short tales, "In Deacon's Orders"—will be ready in the early spring. It will contain a round dozen of stories, the first of which is said to deal with the insincerities of religious cant, and its effect when issuing in action. Most of the stories, I fancy, are new to print. Several new novels of interest are announced. Mrs. Humphry Ward, it seems, has determined to essay the short story, or (to be more exact) a story short in comparison with her usual output. This new venture is to appear in *Cornhill* in May, and will run, perhaps two, possibly three months. Mr. Walter Raymond, whose "Somerset Idylls" have made for him a public of his own, is to contribute the opening volume to a new series of literary novels projected by Mr. J. M. Dent. The book will be named "Tryphena in Love," and the series the Iris Library. Miss Méné Muriel Dowie's novel, "Gallia," is to appear next week, and is arousing some interest, owing to a rumor that it is to be more than commonly realistic and Newly Feminine. These reports, however, are apt to dissolve in fact; for Mr. Grant Allen's story, "The Woman Who Did," whose frankness was so freely bruited abroad before its coming, proves to be a very calm affair, and (to be perfectly open) a little inclined to dullness. As for Mr. John

Davidson's "Earl Lavender," which has also appeared this week, it is a mere extravagant burlesque, not the less amusing in that it is largely inarticulate and unintelligible.

During the last week Mr. S. R. Crockett has been paying a flying visit to London. One or two journalistic clubs have entertained him, and he has also been seen, at intervals, by his personal friends. It seems that he is as yet undecided upon the next move after he vacates Penicuik. Meanwhile, he is busy supervising the production of "Bog Myrtle and Peat." Mr. Hall Caine has settled in London for a while, having taken a house in the neighborhood of St. John's Wood. He is not, I believe, writing just now, but is working up the plot of his next story in imagination. His brother's paper, which was to have appeared yesterday, has been delayed for another week, and will not be ready till the 21st. It is to appear in a first edition of 100,000 copies, which seems to be the fashionable size just now. Mr. Zangwill has been in Glasgow, lecturing upon the Ghetto to enthusiastic Scotchmen, probably as a rehearsal for his enterprise on your side of the Atlantic. The Incorporated Society of Authors has this week elected a new chairman, in succession to Sir Frederick Pollock, retired. The election has lighted upon Mr. W. Martin Conway, the well-known and valiant mountaineer. His installation will be followed by a fresh appearance in print in the shape of "The Alps from End to End," the record of a journey undertaken last summer, in the course of which Mr. Conway scaled fifty peaks, and journeyed one thousand miles. The story of his adventures is to be illustrated by Mr. A. D. McCormick, the artist who contributed to the work on the Himalayas. The book is promised by Mr. Archibald Constable for May. *The National Observer* of last Saturday contained a mysterious but pleasant article upon the poetry of fifteen years ago, contrasting it with the popular verse of the day, not a little to the disadvantage of the latter. The writer of the article, whose personality is a matter of some inquiry, will be pleased to hear that one of his favorite poets, Lord de Tabley, will shortly publish a second series of "Poems Lyrical and Dramatic." The new volume will consist of entirely new poems, save one, "Orpheus in Hades," which appeared in *The Nineteenth Century*. There will be a larger proportion of lyrical than of dramatic work.

The week has seen two theatrical novelties of some interest. On Wednesday the ever-green Mr. J. L. Toole produced, at his little theatre in King William Street, a new farce by Mr. Ralph Lumley, entitled "Thoroughbred." The piece, which gave Mr. Toole an opportunity of masquerading as a Negro minstrel, went merrily from start to finish, and is a safe success. More important, however, was the *première* of last night, when Mr. Oscar Wilde's trivial comedy for serious people, "The Importance of Being Earnest," made its *début* at the St. James's. A month ago, at this same theatre (as readers of *The Critic* are aware), Mr. Henry James underwent a cruel ordeal with his "Guy Domville." The public has returned to Mr. Alexander, and from the very first phrase the new play ran like wild-fire, to the accompaniment of shouts of laughter. Mr. James's experiment was witnessed by half the literary, artistic and scientific celebrities in London; Mr. Wilde's was an ordinary first-night audience, with all the customary faces. The reception of the play was one more evidence of the almost pathetic passion for being amused which has lately seized the public—weary, one supposes, of being so long rated, edified and preached at. As soon as the house realized that it was safe from any "gospel" or design to improve the occasion, it settled down into rapturous satisfaction. Mr. Wilde, who was seen for a moment in a box, and for another moment bowing before the curtain, could not be prevailed upon to speak, although the gallery familiarly thundered its "Oscar, a speech!" Mr. Wilde's reputation has become curiously transformed of late. He is no longer the figure that he was in the fashionable world, but in revenge the large public seems to have accepted him as a purveyor of pure entertainment; and he never had a better chance than he has now of making a definite position for himself. One incident of last night's performance is worth noting. There was some little gibe at the Liberal Unionists (or Mugwumps) introduced; but, instead of its being openly made, the actors gulped it down, almost inaudibly, with a nervous gesture. It was not caught by the audience, and produced some astonishment. I understand that the secret was that, just at the due moment, somebody perceived, or thought that he perceived, the figure of Mr. Chamberlain seated in the stalls.

In the heyday of its success, the Lyceum "King Arthur" is to receive a very palpable blow. Mr. Forbes Robertson, whose Lancelot is the success of the production, was lent to Mr. Irving by Mr. Hare, on the understanding that he should be released again whenever Mr. Hare found it necessary to have recourse to



Mr. Pinero's new comedy. At the time of the arrangement this seemed far enough distant; but since then there have been several failures at the Garrick, and the Pinero comedy is now in full rehearsal. Mr. Forbes Robertson's appearances as Lancelot are, therefore, numbered. His place is to be filled by Mr. Ben Webster, a young actor with a fine presence, who was for some while a member of Mr. Alexander's company at the St. James's. As soon as his engagement with Mr. Hare ends, Mr. Robertson is to start on a managerial career of his own, with the support of a syndicate. His leading lady will be Miss Kate Rorke, who will share with him the cares of management. I understand that Mr. Robertson had but just signed his contract with the syndicate, when Mr. Irving proposed to him a three years' engagement at the Lyceum, with a view to a series of new productions. Mr. Irving's appearances as a reciter are all too rare, nowadays; and there is safe to be a large audience at the Haymarket next Thursday, when he is to recite "The Dream of Eugene Aram." The occasion is a *matinée* for the benefit of the orphan son of Royce Carleton, an actor who did sound work in "Judah" and "The Professor's Love-Story." There is to be an attractive programme altogether.

LONDON, 16 Feb., 1895.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

### Boston Letter

ONE OF BOSTON'S publishing firms is to make an experiment of the modern, practical order. The project involves the erection, close by the firm's establishment, of a group of pretty cottages for rental to its employees, the houses being built around an interior court, which will contain a common garden and playground. Thus home, workshop and recreation-field will be together. This is one of the plans of Edwin Ginn, head of the well-known school-book publishing-house of Ginn & Co. The firm has purchased an entire block of land in Cambridge, where it proposes to erect, at a cost of \$300,000, one of the largest plants in New England. The name of the building will be "The Athenæum Press," a bronze statue of Athena over the arched entrance serving as its figure-head, so to speak. Another feature of the plan, somewhat on the line of that recently inaugurated by *The New York Herald* in its new building, consists in having all the presses of the establishment placed on the ground floor in full view of passers-by on the street. Another proposed new building, over which all Boston was preparing to express delight, hangs in the air and, I fear, will not drop to earth for many a long day to come. At present, our Symphony Concerts, Handel and Haydn Concerts, and all the grand musical entertainments outside of opera, are given in Music Hall for lack of a better place. But Music Hall is old, dark, dismal and poorly arranged for entrance. When the proposition came up to build an elevated railroad through the heart of the city, it was discovered, to the joy of music lovers, that this hall would have to be swept away. They offered, therefore, their subscriptions to carry out the new plan of Major Henry L. Higginson for the erection of a superb music-hall in the best part of the city with all the accompaniments of architectural beauty and acoustic excellence. But, alas, after more than \$200,000 had been paid in and the land bought, the railroad scheme was dropped, and the crying necessity for a new home for the Symphony Orchestra existed no longer. Then came a nice question regarding the disposal of the money, whether to go ahead and build the new hall (which under such conditions would not pay even its running expenses), or to wind up the affairs of the corporation, or to let matters stand as they are now, awaiting further developments. The latter plan was adopted. Apropos of buildings, I may mention that the Public Library at Beverly is likely to have its home in a mansion house of considerable historic interest, many citizens having suggested the purchase of the old brick building erected in 1773 by George Cabot, United States Senator and afterwards Secretary of the Navy. It was at this house that Washington stayed as the guest of Mr. Cabot when he visited Beverly after the Revolution, to inspect the first cotton-mill in America. The Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge is a grandson of the first owner of the building.

Since Ernest F. Fenollosa of the Boston Art Museum is an authority on Oriental art matters, some of his remarks before the Beacon Society last Saturday may be of interest. For twelve years Mr. Fenollosa was in Japan, employed by the Government in the organization of a National Academy of Fine Arts. He maintains strenuously that art as a whole, including poetry as well as painting, sculpture and architecture, has been a great means of civilization in Japan and China, and combats the statement that Chinese art has always been debased, while Japanese art has always been

elevated. In fact, he declares that when Chinese art was at its best (and that was in the twelfth century), it was equal to the present French art, or to ancient Greek art, and that one hundred years later this excellence passed to Japan. For the past thirty-five years, he says, the French have followed either directly or unconsciously the art of the Orient.

On Washington's birthday the Rev. Samuel F. Smith, standing in the old historic South Meeting House, told to a large audience the story of the origin of his "America." He said that when he was studying at Andover the thought came to him that our schools should have a system of national songs like that in vogue in Germany, and, as he stood one day, looking out at the quiet landscape of the country town, the words of the hymn came to him as a sort of inspiration. In thirty minutes they were all placed upon paper. Dr. Smith, by the way, can find no reason in the objection often raised against the hymn's being set to British music. He even goes further and questions the statement whether the music is really English, believing that the melody originated elsewhere. It is the music of one of Germany's national airs, and patriotic songs of other nations are sung to it. Dr. Smith would even maintain that the strains may have been heard in the temples of Jerusalem.

Older persons among us well remember the great popularity attained, just before the War, by little books on etiquette and subjects of kindred nature. The first publisher of that class of books, G. W. Cottrell, died the other day in Mt. Vernon, N. Y., at the age of seventy-two. He was one of the last survivors of the old Boston publishers, and is said to have been one of the earliest to import photographic albums into America. The planchette was also introduced by him into Boston.

It seems, after all, that the supposed real Indian drawn by Edward H. Garrett, the Winchester artist, for the new State seal will need a little toning down from ideality. The pose of the figure and the face of the Indian are pronounced admirable, but the artist has given him too much muscle. The wise men have decided that the aborigines were noted for latheness of limb, and that there was no great show of muscles on the arms or legs. Prof. F. W. Putnam of Harvard, as a volunteer, is now looking the subject up from original sources, and his report will do much towards establishing, for the moderns, the figure of the old-time Indian.

BOSTON, 26 Feb., 1895.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

### Chicago Letter

MR. HENRY B. FULLER's new novel, "With the Procession," which will soon be published by the Harpers, is unquestionably, I think, the strongest thing he has ever done. Like "The Cliff-Dwellers," it deals with phases of Chicago life, but the phases chosen are richer and more humane than the uncompromising hardness of the earlier novel would lead us to expect. Yet its plot is again one of social struggle, and its characters are social leaders or aspirants. The old and the new régimes in the swiftly changing city are brought into dramatic contrast when the dowdy little daughter of rich but unambitious "old settlers" carries some charitable project into the gorgeous residence of a leader of society, and finds in her an early sweetheart of her father. The softening of the great lady's tender heart toward the unfashionable little old maid at the touch of memories still cherished, opens the way for a confessional mood, and the progress of this mood through the stately show-rooms of the mansion up to the little snugery where its mistress lives and works in the midst of dear old-fashioned ugliness, is as delicious an episode as one can find in the novels of many a year. Mrs. Bates, the aforesaid leader, is perhaps the character of the book—a strong-headed and large-hearted woman of small beginnings but great ambitions, who believes in "keeping up with the procession, at the head of it if you can," and who has held her husband faithfully to his duty through the thirty years or so of their married life. She drags the family of her first love out of their hiding-place into the current; they, all but the old man, take to the new life with more or less alacrity, and the book is the chronicle of their loves and struggles. The sad figure of the narrowed money-getter is the centre of the action—the stationary pole about which these May-dancers weave their ribands. In his youth he had read poetry to his beloved: now all the higher qualities are atrophied; he has become a mere machine, and she tries in vain to arouse him to private or public spirit. The enlarging of the game of life around him interferes with his settled habits and worries him into the grave; he dies—a man of gentle traits and fine gifts,—without ever having lived. The story is compactly put together and most artistically told. Some of its

lighter characters are so vital to the hour and place that one can never forget them, notably the younger son of the aspiring house, who comes airily home after cultivating abroad for six years his versatile cleverness for music and art, and proceeds to exhaust whatever emotions his native town affords. He is a cork on the crest of successive experiences, never mastering, never sinking, floating gracefully off to Japan in the last act. And others are as adroitly presented as he. Altogether the book has a grip on life, a truth to its locale and a climatic unity which advance its author by many a niche, and raise enormously our hopes of him.

A number of pictures by the late George Inness will be shown this week at the Art Institute, many of which were purchased by Chicagoans at the recent sale in New York. Among these canvases will be the "Evening, Montclair," "Moonlight on Passamaquoddy Bay," "The Old Elm, Medford," and "Rose Morning." The collection will be fairly representative of the rich, dreamy imagination, the luscious sense of color, and the reverent love of nature which made this American, at the time of his death, the first of landscape-painters.

The exhibition of book-bindings which the Caxton Club is preparing will open with a reception at the Institute on the evening of March 11. It will include examples of most of the historic styles, from Grolier to Saunderson, and in number as well as variety will be unexpectedly rich. An exhibition of posters which *The Evening Post* is arranging, will be almost simultaneous. New fads travel rapidly in these electric days, and these sublimated advertisements are spacious enough to circle the world as easily as the giant of a fairy-tale. Several contributions are promised us from the recent exhibitions in New York.

A number of essays which the late Prof. Swing read before the Literary Club or printed in magazines have been published in two small volumes by Messrs. Stone & Kimball, under the title of "Old Pictures of Life." Mr. Franklin H. Head writes an appreciative introduction, recalling swiftly the events of the Professor's life and the broad charity of his religious creed. The essays wander usually into classic lands, and show their author's instinctive preference for the pagan over the Christian ideals, as he understood them. One of them, "The Submerged Centuries," expresses in its very title his singular blindness to the function of Christianity in spiritualizing the material pagan world. The classic writers whom he loved effectually idealized their world for him; and the centuries which obliterated it were for him the dark ages, and they were nothing more. The papers, by their easy conversational style, were manifestly written for delivery, and were probably not intended by their author to live beyond the hour. Yet they recall pleasantly the amiable quality of the man, his gracious optimism and sunny humor.

The Open Court Publishing Co. of this city has issued in attractive form a translation of "Popular Scientific Lectures," by Ernest Mach, Professor of Physics in the University of Prague, as the latest contribution to its series of scientific publications—a series which includes the names of George John Romanes, Th. Ribot, Alfred Binet, Paul Carus and others. Prof. Mach has not only enthusiasm for his subject, but the power of inspiring enthusiasm; at his touch the abstractions of science assume a vital energy, and abstruse subjects become clear. The present volume includes ten lectures, chiefly in the department of physics.

CHICAGO, 26 Feb., 1895.

HARRIET MONROE.

## The Drama

### Beerbohm Tree as Hamlet

THE PROBABILITY is that Mr. Tree committed a tactical error in acting Hamlet during his recent brief engagement at Abbey's Theatre, as his performance of that complex and arduous character exposed him to comparisons exceedingly dangerous to an unestablished reputation, and more than confirmed all our suspicions concerning his limitations as an actor. In playing that part here, he challenged measurement by a standard far higher than any that has existed in England during the last twenty years. In that time, with the single exception of Mr. Irving's (for the few representations given by Edwin Booth can scarcely be taken into account), there has been no Hamlet of the first rank in London, whereas in this city the memory of the representations of Booth, Davenport, Fechter and Irving is still green, not to speak of the work of many lesser but by no means despicable performers. The interpretations of the four players named, although conceived upon widely divergent lines, had certain rare qualities in common. They were all imaginative, poetic, sincere, dignified and tragic, and they all proceeded in accordance with a thoughtful and carefully elaborated

design. Mr. Tree's Hamlet is notably deficient in nearly all these attributes, and has nothing to offer in their place except a superficial cleverness of device, the elaboration of traditional "points" and the addition of much new and trivial "business," most of it being in the nature of that embroidery which confuses and obscures, without improving the original pattern. It has been pointed out already, in several previous articles, that in the various characters which he has assumed here—Demetrius, Gringoire, Marchant, Swift and Falstaff,—Mr. Tree placed his main dependence upon externals, or, at all events, created his best effects by their aid. Whenever he was called upon to give expression to deep feeling—indignation, anger, love, or what not,—he was found wanting. In the portrayal of the meaner impulses and the suggestion of the passing thought he succeeded perfectly. As the characteristics of all these parts, except at rare intervals, lay chiefly upon the surface, and were not rooted in the deeper, nobler and more subtle forces of heart and brain, he was able to portray them without fully revealing the poverty of his equipment for a flight into the loftier regions of his art.

His mimetic gift (which is very remarkable), his fertility in the tricks of personal disguise and his mastery of theatrical device constitute valuable capital in eccentric comedy or melodrama, but are absolutely futile in poetic tragedy. His Hamlet is one long and hopeless struggle to interpret the poignancy of human emotion by the little ingenuities of pantomime, to stir the heart and convince the intellect by an endless succession of mere attitudes and gestures, many of which might be effective enough in their way, if the purpose of them were not so cruelly transparent. As if conscious of his inability to express internal conflict—the suffering within that passeth show—by his general carriage, the play of facial expression and variety of vocal tone, he attempts to emphasize the meaning of the text as he sees it by continuous illustrative action. He seems nearly always to be saying to himself, "How shall I make the audience understand my view of this passage?" The result is a restlessness that is trivial and undignified and wholly foreign to the character. He is forever fidgeting with the portrait of his father that hangs around his neck, and brings it to the front upon every possible pretext. Even when interrupted in his soliloquy by the approach of "the fair Ophelia," he kisses it before he addresses her. This, of course, is a small matter; but an insistence upon trifles to the neglect of weightier things is typical of his whole performance. In the same way he occupies himself constantly with his sword, and, upon one occasion, seeks to make a point by making a series of furious lunges at the empty chair of the King. Again, he makes excessive use of his tablets, of the lime-light and of incidental music, and resorts to many other artifices, which reduces the whole performance to the level of melodrama. It may appear ungracious to dwell so persistently upon what would be only minor flaws in an impersonation of real insight, charm and power, but these are the features of Mr. Tree's Hamlet which mainly impress the beholder. As soon as an effort is made to probe below the surface, the whole structure collapses like a pricked bubble, and proves to be nothing but a reflection. There is no suggestion of reality about any of its emotions. There is no thrill of fear or of superstitious reverence in the encounter with the Ghost, no glow of love or romance in the great scene with Ophelia, no vibratory ring of fierce exultation upon the unkenning of the King's occulted guilt, no ecstasy of dread or any other feeling in that wonderful closet scene of which all other eminent Hamlets have made so much. In the churchyard scene he came nearer to success, but even there some touch of the true mood of princely dignity and gentle melancholy was missing. From first to last, indeed, the impression conveyed was that of an imitation, clever, adroit, interesting and highly commendable for the courage and industry manifested in it, but lacking utterly the force and value of an original artistic inspiration.

### "The Two Gentlemen of Verona"

MR. AUGUSTIN DALY is entitled to great credit for his tasteful and luxurious revival of this Shakespearian comedy, and for the adroitness with which he has overcome or avoided serious difficulties. It is apparent, of course, to anyone reading the play that it is poorly suited for theatrical representation according to modern ideas. There is, indeed, no cause for great surprise that managers in this part of the world have neglected it for half a century or so. It is awkward in construction, and most of its personages are shadowy and unconvincing, while the story which it tells is lacking in human interest and exceedingly improbable, to say the least. Mr. Daly, fully conscious of these defects, has



endeavored to get rid of some of them by compressing the five acts into four, cutting out a large part of the text, and taking all sorts of liberties with the original stage directions. By this heroic proceeding, which, on the whole, is justified by the result, he has not only quickened the action, but has simplified the scene plan and secured time for the introduction of some excellent music and dancing, which, with the really beautiful scenery, contributes very largely to the success of the entertainment. Of the acting there is not a great deal to be said. The company, with the exception of a few of the older members, is comparatively new to the romantic and poetic drama, but its performance is conceived in the right spirit and may be described justly as earnest and intelligent. Miss Rehan was applauded warmly for her Julia, which is closely akin to her Viola; but she is not seen at her best in sentimental parts. She is most successful in the scene where Lucetta brings her the letter of Proteus, the wayward mood being one in which she is apt to excel. Mr. Worthing evidently has the right view of Proteus, but failed, on Monday night, to give it due expression. He was feeble both in speech and action, but is likely to improve. The character is both difficult and unpleasant. Mr. Craig's Valentine is an honest, simple, manly performance, and Mr. Herbert is an amusing Sir Thurio. The Launce of Mr. Lewis is an excellent bit of work, quaint and thoroughly comic; and Herbert Gresham imparts a touch of genuine character to Speed. Miss Maxime Elliot as Sylvia, and Miss Carlisle as Lucetta, both do well.

The general effect of the representation, however, was due to the embellishments of pictorial and musical art. In both form and color, in architecture and in decoration, such scenes as those of Julia's Garden and of the open court in the Duke's palace are among the choicest, if not the most costly, ever presented in the theatre. The forest set in the last act, also, is well painted, and the storm, with the hurrying forms of the outlaws revealed by the lightning flashes as they pursue the fleeing Sylvia, is managed with uncommon and most striking realism. Another charming feature of the performance is the incidental music of Sir Henry Bishop, borrowed from different sources, and sung with admirable effect. It is not often that interpolations of this kind are so happily appropriate. Some mention must also be made of the dances, which are exceedingly good. One of them, which occurs in the Duke's palace, is so full of life and grace and joyous abandonment, that it is likely to prove one of the most potent fascinations of the play. "The Two Gentlemen" is likely, henceforth, to appear at no long intervals upon Mr. Daly's programs. It can scarcely be doubted that he has achieved a noteworthy success; it is certain that he has deserved it. Perhaps it should be added that all the finer passages of the text have been preserved most scrupulously.

#### "Madame Sans-Gêne"

MME. RÉJANE and her company arrived in this country on Sunday last, to open her American tour at Abbey's Theatre on Feb. 27. The principal play in her repertory is, of course, "Madame Sans-Gêne," written expressly for her by Sardou; but she will appear, also, in other parts, as announced in last week's *Critic*. We are glad to note that M. Duquesne, who made so good an impression here as Sarah Bernhardt's leading man, holds the same position in Mme. Réjane's company. The plot and general outlines of Sardou's Napoleonic play are widely known; but a French writer, M. Edmond Lepelletier, transformed it into a story, some time ago, which has now been translated by L. R. Heller. It is rather difficult to decide whether this substantial novel was written with the view of sharing in the popularity and profit of the play, or of advertising its production, nor is the question one of much importance. In any case, the book evidently is intended only for the moment and requires no serious or prolonged consideration. On almost every page it bears evidence of the haste with which it was prepared, and this, perhaps, is the reason why the name of the translator only is given, and not that of the author. The scenes and characters of the play are reproduced pretty nearly in their original form and order, but there is nothing to show whether or not this wholesale transfer of literary material is made by authority or by the simple process of appropriation. To them is added a quantity of semi-historical matter that is common property, a subordinate love-story of no particular relevancy or value, and a considerable amount of melodramatic "padding," written in by a hand of some experience and ingenuity. But the story as a whole is strung together very loosely, and the action proceeds in spasms with yawning gaps which shatter its continuity and leave it, in places, almost unintelligible. It possesses a certain coarse vigor and vivacity which are not altogether ineffective, but

it is compounded of very cheap stuff. To read it, after seeing the play, would be waste of time, and it is doubtful whether a perusal of it would inspire a desire to see it acted. But the title is attrac-



tive, and the publication of it during the present Napoleonic revival may prove a good stroke of business. The accompanying portrait forms the frontispiece of the book. (New York: Home Book Co.)

### The Fine Arts

#### The Architectural League's Exhibition

##### (SECOND NOTICE)

THE DRAWINGS and plans in the large Vanderbilt gallery at the Fine Art Society's building show progress and improvement as decidedly as do the other exhibits. The wall space has been more than doubled by the addition of screens, which form a number of stalls on three sides of the room. The plans for a number of important buildings in various parts of the country are to be seen, notably the Corcoran Art Gallery and St. Matthew's Church at Washington, D.C., a handsome new music-hall at Baltimore, the new buildings at Dartmouth College, N. H., Rhode Island's State House, the Bank of Pittsburgh, Tremont Temple, Boston, the American Surety Co.'s Building in Broadway, and the new building of our comic contemporary, *Life*. Perhaps the most interesting to New Yorkers are the designs for the new St. Matthew's Church at Washington, seeing that the architects, Heins & La Farge, are those of the new Cathedral of St. John at 110th St., and that they have adopted the Romanesque style and a similar color treatment for both. The Washington church differs considerably in plan from the proposed cathedral. The plot on which it is to be built is nearly square and the architects have utilized all of the space by making the nave very broad and the transepts shallow, with a huge dome at their intersection and various chapels and a baptistery filling up the spans between the arms of the cross. A striking though severe exterior results logically from this plan, a too strict symmetry being avoided, in the principal front, by massing the plain parochial residence with the church. As regards the exterior, the design is much better than that which has been accepted for the New York cathedral, and it is to be hoped that the architects may be led to modify the latter, so as to bring it more into relation with the interior, which is to be treated like that of the Washington Church. The latter has a barrel-vaulted ceiling, shown in the perspective view as laid

out for mosaic decoration on a plain surface, but in the longitudinal section as coffered, white and gold. Below this comes a clerestory pierced with round arched windows in groups of three; the piers and the columns that support the clerestory wall are of red marble; the pendentives of the dome blue, with figures of saints in circular medallions on a dull yellow ground, and foliated scrolls in green. In the apse is to be a large design in mosaic with a figure of Christ in the centre.

The modern French Renaissance, exemplified in the French Government buildings at the World's Fair, seems to have influenced the designer of the Corcoran Gallery, Mr. Ernest Flagg, who has produced an imposing exterior, and an easily understood arrangement of the various galleries for sculptures and paintings, etc. The Alumni Memorial Hall at Dartmouth College, designed by Lamb & Rich, with its Ionic façade and low cupola, shows an even more pronounced classic feeling. In McKim, Mead & White's design for the Rhode Island State House, the central dome is lifted high above the rest of the building on a tall drum ornamented with Corinthian pilasters of not very good proportions, but better than those in the very commonplace façade of the new Bank of Pittsburgh. Among the noticeable designs for interior work are those for the rooms of the Board of Foreign Missions and the chapel of the Presbyterian Building, at one the corners of Fifth Avenue and 20th St. There are several designs for expensive private residences, which go to show that the reign of Queen Anne is indeed over. The most beautiful promises to be the early French Renaissance house for Mrs. Josephine Schmid, at Fifth Avenue and 62d St., of which Mr. Richard Howland Hunt is the architect; but the same style is, again, very well carried out in Messrs. Howard & Caldwell's drawings for a villa for Mrs. Eugene Davis at La Follette, Tenn. The former demonstrates the possibilities, as to beauty and commodiousness, of a twenty-five foot corner lot; the latter is a country residence with spacious and elaborately laid out approaches. In the Architectural League Room on the second story will be found the drawings made in competition for the gold and silver medals of the League. They represent the main stairway of a national library building. The gold medal has been won by Mr. A. H. Wright, the silver medal by Mr. H. L. Duhring, jr. A prize medal for a small theatre for cantatas, the subject of the first competition of the Beaux Arts Society, has been awarded to Mr. F. R. Mann of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The exhibit of the architectural students of Columbia College has, also, been placed in this room.

The catalogue is embellished, as usual, with photographic reproductions of some of the more noteworthy designs, whether decorative or strictly architectural. Amongst these are a handsome city house front, by Carrère & Hastings; and certain details of a highly ornamental chemical laboratory designed by Brunner & Tryon for the University of the City of New York. For a double house, treated exteriorly as one, Mr. George Martin Huss has had a 75-foot front, and has made good use of the space. The Jay Gould and Elliott F. Shepard memorial churches are shown, and a stately colonial house at Hartford, from plans by the Hapgoods. That good taste rather than unlimited means is essential to the production of an attractive-looking house, whether in town or country, is illustrated by a row of four houses in Boston Avenue, New York, from plans by Marsh, Israel & Harder. The decorative pieces—memorial windows, monuments, ceilings, etc.,—are by Helen Maitland Armstrong, Robert Reid, Edward Simmons, Kenyon Cox, E. H. Blashfield, Elihu Vedder, Frederick Wilson and Charles, Ella and F. S. Lamb. The Astor doors at Trinity we have long since described and criticised.

#### Art Notes

THE SOCIETY of Painters in Water-Colors of Holland, which has for President Josef Israels, and includes among its members several of the best-known painters of the modern Dutch school, has a most interesting exhibition at the galleries of Boussod, Valadon & Co., 303 Fifth Ave. The school is strongly represented in landscape, genre, flower painting and animal painting. A splendid "Lion," by Jan Van Essel, and "Calves" and "A Pasture," by George Poggenbeck, are among the best things in the way last-mentioned. The well-known President of the Society and his son, Isaac Israels, contribute between them eleven pictures, two by the latter being very charming pastels, which it is becoming usual to class with water-colors, though the two media have very little in common. Philip Zilcken's landscapes have the indefinable personal quality with which New Yorkers are already familiar in

his etchings. There are several lady members of the Society, and their work is of a high character. Mlle. van de Sande Bakhuyzen and Mme. S. Mesdag van Houten contribute charming flower-pieces. The latter has a very good "Sheepfold," and Mlle. Wally Moes a pleasing bit of genre, "First Steps." The work shown is of remarkably even quality, all of it being of a high standard technically and marked by those gifts of feeling and insight which have won for contemporary Dutch writers of fiction the title of "sensitivists." The catalogue has an etching by Josef Israels.

—Etchings, pastels, pencil and other drawings, many of them very slight sketches or "notes" of color, by Mr. J. Alden Weir, are on exhibition at Wunderlich's gallery until March 8. Mr. Weir seems to use each medium for a definite purpose, etching or pencil for drawing, pastels for color only, the brush point, used as a pen with India-ink, for textures and glittering effects of light. His exhibition is, therefore, technically interesting, and will be enjoyed more by artists than by the public.

—The London *Daily Chronicle* has become an illustrated paper, and has engaged the services of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Alfred Parsons, Joseph Pennell and the ever-green and only Whistler. The latter will contribute an etched reproduction of his well-known "Black Lion."

—The first of the "symbolists" to exhibit in New York is Mr. P. Marcius-Simons, a score of whose fanciful works was shown at Avery's gallery, Feb. 18-March 2. They are pretty in color, bold and effective in composition, and appeal, some of them, with much cleverness to that curious reactionary sentiment which every now and then makes its appearance in France, and is as unreal as Southern sentiment about the "Lost Cause." Fairies, demons, angels, kings and saints and their belongings are the stage properties of Mr. Simons's imagination, and are made use of with French readiness and tact, though he is, we believe, a New Yorker by birth.

### The Covert Copyright Bill

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

At a conference comprising representatives of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, the American Publishers' Copyright League, and the American (Authors') Copyright League, held in New York on Feb. 21, 1895, the following substitute for the proviso of the Covert bill was unanimously agreed upon:—

*Provided*, however, that in case of any such infringement of the copyright of a photograph made from any object not a work of the fine arts, the sum to be recovered in any action brought under the provisions of this section shall be not less than \$100, nor more than \$5,000, and *provided further*, that in case of any such infringement of the copyright of a painting, drawing, statue, engraving, etching, print, or model or design for a work of the fine arts, or in case of any such infringement of the copyright of a work of the fine arts, the sum to be recovered in any such action shall be not less than \$250, and not more than \$10,000.

This substitute is acceptable also to leading art-photographers and photographers. It will relieve the newspapers of excessive penalties without endangering the security of copyright property. In behalf of the three above-mentioned national organizations, we respectfully request your support to the effort to pass the bill, as thus amended, at the present session by unanimous consent.

W. C. BRYANT, Sec'y A. N. P. A.

GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM, Sec'y A. P. C. L.

ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON, Sec'y A. C. L.

### The London Johnson Club

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

Does your London correspondent know of the origin and early history of the present "Johnson Club," to which he refers in his letter of Dec. 29? In the possession of the writer is a leaflet printed in 1810 in London, with annotations in the handwriting of James Biggs. It describes the organization and gives the Constitution of "The London Rasselas Society," which was organized that year. Article 16 of the Constitution provides that the Society dine at the Mitre Tavern, Fleet Street, every year on Sept. 18, the anniversary of Dr. Samuel Johnson's birth. The first President was James Biggs, the same who wrote the "Life of Miranda," to which the "Britannica" refers, and who "stated the case on the part of the Crown" in the trial of the slave-trader, Samuel Samu, in Sierra Leone, Africa, in 1812. (See *Edinburgh*



Review, vol. 21, p. 72.) It would greatly interest your correspondent to know whether or not the present "Johnson Club" is the outgrowth of "The London Rasselas Society" of 1810.

ELIZABETH CLIFFORD NEFF.

CLEVELAND, O., 28 Jan., 1895.

## Dean Hole on America

(From the *Tribune* of Feb. 25)

DEAN HOLE, who sailed for England in the early part of this week, gave the following account of his impressions of America and Americans in an interview on Sunday last:—

"One of the phases of American life which has particularly pleased me is the high standard maintained in your theatres. By that I mean the large audiences that attend Shakespeare's dramas. Saturday afternoon I visited Abbey's Theatre to hear H. Beer-bohm Tree in 'Hamlet.' The house was crowded and extremely appreciative, and it is a contradiction of the cry of the total degeneracy of the stage. \* \* \* I visited your public schools, your high schools, academies and colleges, and I must say that I was astonished at the progress you have made. Your public schools are far superior to ours, and they must be one of the glories of the States. You are especially superior in your technical training-schools and in your trade schools. Your institutions,



like the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, are revelations to us. Only recently has the idea grown in England that it might be a clever thing to have a carpenter's bench or an anvil in the classroom to give practical demonstration in instruction. As to your higher institutions of learning, I was also very much pleased. Of course, you cannot claim the age that the great seats of learning in England have. But, after all, what does age amount to? It, of course, throws an atmosphere of antiquity and veneration around the place, but I am not quite so sure that a college founded ten years ago cannot turn out as good scholars as one founded by Alfred the Great. I visited nearly all of your great colleges, including Yale, Harvard, Amherst, Williams, Johns Hopkins, etc., and was most favorably impressed with all of them. I am glad to know that athletics have not been neglected. This is an important branch of education. Another thing I liked about your educational system was your libraries. They are unexcelled for completeness and convenience, and are far ahead of our libraries, with the exception, of course, of the British Museum Library, which is accessible to only a few. Your public libraries and college and subscription-libraries are far superior to anything we have in England. I have been much impressed with the architecture in your cities. \* \* \* But now to be perfectly frank with you, I must find some faults with your country. The first is the power of money in politics. \* \* \* Another fault I must find is the sensational character of your daily newspapers. I regret to say this because the press has received me with such uniform kindness that it may seem bad taste on my part to criticise it in any way. But I desire to be perfectly frank and must say that there is great danger in this sensationalism." The portrait given here is from the *Tribune*.

We will give in exchange for a limited number of copies of our issue of Sept. 8, an equivalent number of copies of any other issue of "The Critic" since July 1, 1894. Address THE CRITIC Co., 287 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

## Notes

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD has not gone to Italy, after all; and progress on her next novel has been impeded by the unusual severity of the winter in England, which has prevented her visiting certain parts of the country that are to form, in part, the scene of her story. She has taken advantage of this circumstance to write a novelette—a thing that she has not done before for several years—and the result will appear ere long in three numbers of *Scribner's Magazine*. Its title is "The Story of Bessie Costrell," and it will be published in book-form by Macmillan & Co. in May. Mr. Humphry Ward and his daughter are still in this country.

—Notwithstanding the fact that "Marcella" is still selling well in its two-volume form, Macmillan & Co. will have ready, on or about March 20, one-volume editions in paper and cloth, at 50 cts. and \$1 respectively. These cheap editions will be uniform with the one-volume "David Grieve."

—A five-column "first notice" of Prof. Skeat's Oxford Chaucer, by Prof. T. R. Lounsbury, appeared in the *Tribune* of Feb. 24.

—The letters written by Edward FitzGerald, the translator of Omar Khayyám, to Fanny Kemble, which have attracted so much attention while running in *Temple Bar*, will be published in book-form in the fall by Macmillan & Co., who will issue next week "Rational Building," translated from the French of Viollet-le-Duc by George Martin Huss, a well-known architect of this city. The work will be fully illustrated.

—Macmillan & Co. will add to their Men of Action series "Wolfe," by A. G. Bradley, "Colin Campbell," by Archibald Forbes, and "Nelson," by J. K. Laughton.

—Mr. Henry T. Finck has in the Messrs. Scribner's press a volume on "Lotos Time in Japan." He devotes a chapter to Japanese women, whose looks he admires, as becomes the author of "Romantic Love and Personal Beauty." Another volume that may be said to come under the head of travels is "Churches and Castles of Mediaeval France," by Walter C. Larned, a lawyer of Chicago, who has given much time to the study of the historical architecture of Europe.

—Imbert de Saint-Amand's new book, "The Revolution of 1848," and a volume on Scandinavian literature by Prof. H. H. Boyesen, are announced by Charles Scribner's Sons.

—Miss Varina Jefferson-Davis's novel, "The Veiled Doctor," which was announced in *The Critic* some weeks ago, will be published by Messrs. Harper & Bros. Those who have seen the manuscript describe the story as strong and original.

—D. Appleton & Co. announce by way of fiction "The Vengeance of James Vansittart" by Mrs. H. Needell, "Fidelis," by Ada Cambridge, "An Arranged Marriage," by Dorothea Gerard, and "The Marriage of Esther," by Guy Boothby.

—"The Tale of Chloe; The House on the Beach; and The Case of General Ople and Lady Camper," by George Meredith, will be published by Ward, Lock & Bowden on Monday next. The volume consists of the "Lost Stories by Mr. George Meredith," concerning which Mr. J. M. Barrie wrote. They were written some years ago and printed in the now defunct *New Quarterly Magazine*, but have never been reprinted. The volume is representative of Mr. Meredith's genius as it was several years ago, which is very much as it is to-day.

—J. Selwin Tait & Sons have issued "On India's Frontier; or, Nepal, the Gurka's Mysterious Land," by Henry Ballantine, late American Consul to Bombay; an *édition de luxe* of "The White Tsar, and Other Poems," by Henry Bedlow; and "The Romance of Judge Ketchum," by Horace A. Vachell.

—Prof. Ely's "Socialism and Social Reform" has been adopted by Chautauqua, as part of a preparatory course of reading in sociology.

—"Dinners with Celebrities"—among them Victor Hugo, Longfellow, Zola, Adelina Patti, Sarah Bernhardt, Charles Reade, Wagner and Stevenson—is the name of a book by Howard Paul announced for early publication. Mr. Paul was for a long time on the staff of *The Illustrated London News*.

—The centenary, on Feb. 11, of the death of Karl Mikael Bellman, the great poet of Sweden, was observed throughout that country with much pomp. Bellman was born in 1740 and died in 1795, leaving behind him the finest lyric poems in the language. His bust stands in the public gardens at Stockholm, and statues of him have been erected throughout the land.

—A course of five lectures on colonial subjects will be given at the Waldorf on Monday afternoons during Lent, under the auspices of the Colonial Dames of the State of New York. The lectures will be by Prof. Ware of Columbia, on "Colonial Architecture," and by Mr. Edward Eggleston, on "First Contact with the Wilderness," "Early Land and Labor Systems," "Domestic and Social Life" and "Breadwinning, Money-making, Trade and Piracy."

—Mme. Zénaïde A. Ragozin will give a Lenten course of six lectures on "The Oldest Religion of India," on Thursday mornings, beginning on March 7, at the Chapel of the Church of the Ascension.

—A course of four dramatic readings will be given by Mme. Janauschek before the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences on successive Saturday evenings, beginning March 16.

—Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller, whose name is so intimately associated with birds, will give a Lenten course of "Bird Talks" at the Waldorf, on Tuesday mornings, beginning March 5.

—February seems to have been a favorite birth-month for American statesmen and men-of-letters. Lincoln was born on the 14th, Washington and Lowell on the 22d and George William Curtis on the 25th. The three days have been duly celebrated within the past three weeks. At the commemorative services held on Curtis's birthday at Stapleton, S. I., by the Staten Island Academy, the Principal, Mr. F. E. Partington, read an early and unpublished story by Curtis from the author's MS.

—Miss Katharine Pearson Woods, author of "Metzerott, Shoemaker," is writing a novel of the First Century, which is to involve the question of Christianity and social reform.

—The late Prof. William Rufus Perkins, who died in Erie, Penn., on Jan. 27, was born there on Sept. 1, 1847, and received his education at Western Reserve College, graduating in the class of '68. He taught for a while, and subsequently devoted himself to literary work and the study of the law. He was admitted to the Erie County bar in 1878, but soon gave up the practice of the law for an assistant-professorship of Latin and Greek, and later of history, in Cornell University, where he remained six years, resigning the latter position to devote a year to careful study in Germany. Upon his return he accepted a call to the chair of history in the State University of Iowa, which institution he represented in 1888 at the celebration of the eighth centenary of the foundation of the University of Bologna. Notwithstanding the hard and constant labors of his position, Prof. Perkins found time to devote to purely literary pursuits; witness his poem "Eleusis," published in 1890. He was, also, at one time a valued contributor to the review columns of *The Critic*. Somewhat of a mystic in his poetry and thought, Prof. Perkins had a clear and far-seeing eye for the possibilities of the youth of the great region in which he taught.

—Lord Acton has been appointed Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, to succeed the late Prof. Seeley. He was born at Naples in 1834, educated at the Catholic College of St. Mary's, Oscott, England, and by Dr. Dollinger at Munich, taking an active part with the latter in the opposition to the declaration of Papal Infallibility. He has been the editor of *The Home and Foreign Review*, *the North British Review* and the weekly *Chronicle*, has sat in Parliament at different times, and has written much on historical subjects in the periodicals. He has published a few pamphlets in German, and "The War of 1870: a Lecture." His library is one of the finest in England.

—Mr. A. S. Hardy's "Passe Rose," illustrated by Sterner, is to be one of the holiday books, next season.

—Ambassador Bayard was one of the principal speakers at a meeting held in London at the Mansion House on Feb. 22, in support of the Carlyle Museum movement.

—Prof. George Romanes left some unfinished notes on religion, with directions that they be handed to Canon Gore of Westminster, who has arranged them, written editorial comments on them, added two unpublished essays by Romanes on "The Influence of Science upon Religion," and called the book "Thoughts on Religion." It has just been published by The Open Court Pub. Co. The *March Monist* will contain an article on Prof. Romanes's thoughts on religion, by Dr. Paul Carus.

—Margaret Deland, Sarah Orne Jewett and Mrs. Burton Harrison will try to settle in the next number of *The Ladies' Home Journal* when the word "woman" and when the term "lady" should be employed.

—William Andrews & Co., Hull, England, will issue at an early date "Curious Church Customs," edited by Mr. Andrews.

—The Rev. Alexander B. Grosart, D.D., LL.D., well known for his literary researches and discoveries, has sent out a circular announcing the discovery of a number of "literary finds" of the highest importance. A seventeenth-century manuscript in Trinity College, Dublin, catalogued as G. 2.21, he states, has been constantly overlooked by successive generations of scholars, who seem to have taken it for granted that all the poems it contains had already been printed. Even the Royal Commission's Eighth Report on Historical MSS., says Dr. Grosart, reports the Trinity MS. as a "transcript" and "imperfect." In reality part of its contents have never been printed and have hitherto been overlooked and unknown. "I frankly confess," he continues, "that when I first saw 'Philip Massinger' and 'Francis Beaumont' and 'Cyril Tourneur' (misspelled Cecil Turner), 'Thomas Randolph' and the rest signed to noticeable poems, I could hardly credit my own eyes when I found none of them all in any edition of their works, or any knowledge of them." Dr. Grosart has found additional matter in other Trinity MSS., including hitherto unknown poems by Bacon, Thomas Randolph, Bishop Corbet, Dr. William Strode and Aurelian Townshend. The MS. contains, also, what is practically a collection of the entire poems of Dr. Donne. Dr. Grosart proposes to publish these discoveries in a volume of "Literary Finds," provided he can get subscribers for the entire edition of 405 copies—300 in 8vo, 105 in 4to. He intends, also, to make use of the discovery by Dr. Richard Garnett of the British Museum, of four of Nicholas Breton's long-lost books, to perfect the hitherto imperfect texts of that voluminous writer.

—Harold Swainson, joint-editor with Mr. W. R. Lethaby of "The Church of Sancta Sophia, Constantinople," who died suddenly on Dec. 31, was only 26 years old.

—Bangs & Co. will sell on March 4 and 5 a collection of books old and recent, consigned to them by Mr. Bernard Quaritch of London.

—*Poet-Love* for February contains an article on "The Religion of Robert Burns," by Walter Walsh; one on "The Friendship of Whitman and Emerson," by William Sloane Kennedy; and a review of Ibsen's "Little Eyolf."

—The last of a series of entertainments given by Miss Mary S. Thompson, at the Woman's Exchange Building, 12 East 30th Street, was an "authors' afternoon," on Wednesday of last week. Miss Edith Thomas read an original poem, of much beauty, and Dr. S. R. Elliott an original war-story, "The Two Deserters."

—Eight new Old South Leaflets have been added to the interesting series published by the Directors of the Old South Studies in History. They are reprints of documents relating to early New England History—Bradford's "Memoir of Elder Brewster," Bradford's "First Dialogue," Winthrop's "Conclusions for the Plantation in New England," "New England's First Fruits," 1643, John Eliot's "Indian Grammar Begun," John Cotton's "God's Promise to His Plantation," Letters of Roger Williams to Winthrop, and Thomas Hooker's "Way of the Churches of New England."

—The first number of *The Biblot*, of which mention was made in these columns recently, has a most attractive cover in blue, red and black, such as might be expected from its publisher, Mr. Thomas B. Mosher of Portland, Me. The contents (Lyrics from Blake) need no comment, but we cannot say that we like the paper on which they are printed. Still, it is a venture well worthy of support, especially at the remarkably low price of fifty cents per year. The second issue, containing "Ballades from François Villon" has been issued.

## The Free Parliament

Communications must be accompanied by the names and addresses of correspondents, not necessarily for publication. In referring to any question, correspondents are requested to give its number.

### QUESTIONS

1772.—Who wrote:—"The natural world is a world of dreams, where nothing is as it appears; the spiritual world is a world of realities, where we see as we are seen and know as we are known."

BALTIMORE, MD.

W. B. H.



1773.—Can you tell me something of the Spanish artist Roman Ribera. What has he done, where are his paintings to be seen and what is his standing in the art world?

BROOKLYN.

F. B. P.

1774.—Where can I find, and who is the author of, some verses entitled "Sometime and Somewhere." The first verse begins and ends thus:

Unanswered yet, the prayer  
Your lips have pleaded  
In agony of heart these many years?

Say not the Father hath not  
Heard your prayer;  
You shall have your desire  
Sometime, somewhere.

NEW YORK.

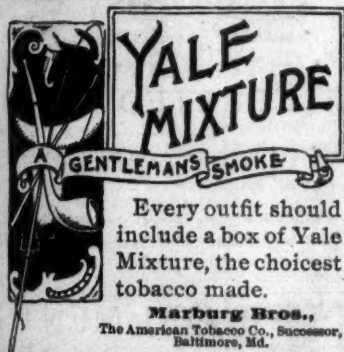
W. B. H.

We have received two questions, signed "R. D. B." and "A Subscriber," which we cannot answer, as the conditions printed at the head of this department, requiring correspondents to send their names and addresses, have not been complied with.—EDS.  
THE CRITIC.

### Publications Received

- Baldwin, J. M. Mental Development in the Child and the Race. \$2.60. Macmillan & Co.  
Baumbach, R. Frau Holde. Ein Gedicht. Intro. and Notes by L. Fossler. 25c. Henry Holt & Co.  
Bibliographica. Part 4. Charles Scribner's Sons.  
Bolton, S. K. The Inevitable, and Other Poems. \$1.00. T. Y. Crowell & Co.  
Brinton, D. G. A Primer of Mayan Hieroglyphics. \$1.20. Ginn & Co.  
Brown, H. F. John Addington Symonds. A Biography. 2 vols. \$12.50. Charles Scribner's Sons.  
Chamisso, A. von. Peter Schlemihl's Wundersame Geschichte. 25c. Holt & Co.

- Chaucer, G. The Student's Chaucer. Ed. by W. W. Skeat. \$1.75. Macmillan & Co.  
Davenport, B. R. "Uncle Sam's" Cabins. A Story of American Life. 50c. Mascot Pub. Co.  
Drinkwater, J. M. Three and Twenty. A. I. Bradley & Co.  
Eclançon, A. The French Verb Newly Treated. \$1.25. Macmillan & Co.  
Gibbs, M. B. Military Career of Napoleon the Great. The Werner Co.  
Goessmann, H. T. The Christian Woman in Philanthropy. 25c. P. O. Box 377, Amherst, Mass.  
Graham, M. C. Stories of the Foot-hills. \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.  
Haycraft, J. B. Darwinism and Race Progress. \$1.00. Charles Scribner's Sons.  
Hill, H. His Egyptian Wife. 50c. Home Book Co.  
Howe, R. H. Quadragesima; or, Thoughts for Each Day in Lent. \$1.00. Thomas Whitaker.  
Hughes, H. P. Essential Christianity. A Series of Explanatory Sermons. \$1.25. Fleming H. Revell Co.  
Kilson, A. A Scientific Solution of the Money Question. \$1.25. Boston: Arena Pub. Co.  
Klenze, C. von. Deutsche Gedichte. 90c. Henry Holt & Co.  
Lansdell, H. Chinese Central Asia. A Ride to Little Tibet. 2 vols. \$5.00. Charles Scribner's Sons.  
Malthus, T. R. Chapters from Essay on Principle of Population. 75c. Macmillan & Co.  
McDonald, D. Sweet Scented Flowers and Fragrant Leaves. \$1.50. Charles Scribner's Sons.  
Matheson, G. The Psalmist and the Scientist. \$1.75. Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.  
Maupassant, Guy de. Alloumas, and Other Tales. Tr. by A. Hornblow. 25c. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.  
Meinhold, W. The Amber Witch. Tr. by Lady Duff Gordon. \$2.50. Charles Scribner's Sons.  
Mercer, A. G. He Believeth Dead Yet Speaketh, and Other Sermons. \$1.50. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.  
Pierson, A. T. Life-Power; or, Character, Culture and Conduct. \$1.00. Fleming H. Revell Co.  
Raymond, W. Tryphena in Love. 75c. Macmillan & Co.  
Rooper, R. The Fencing Girl, a London New Soul. 31. 6d. London: Gay & Bird.  
Sreet, G. S. Episodes. 75c. The Merriam Co.  
Tyrrell, R. Y. Latin Poetry. \$1.50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.  
Volkmann, R. von. Kleine Geschichten. 30c. D. C. Heath & Co.  
Willard, J. A. Half a Century with Judges and Lawyers. \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.  
Wilson, V. Guide to the Yukon Gold Fields. 75c. The Calvert Co.



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